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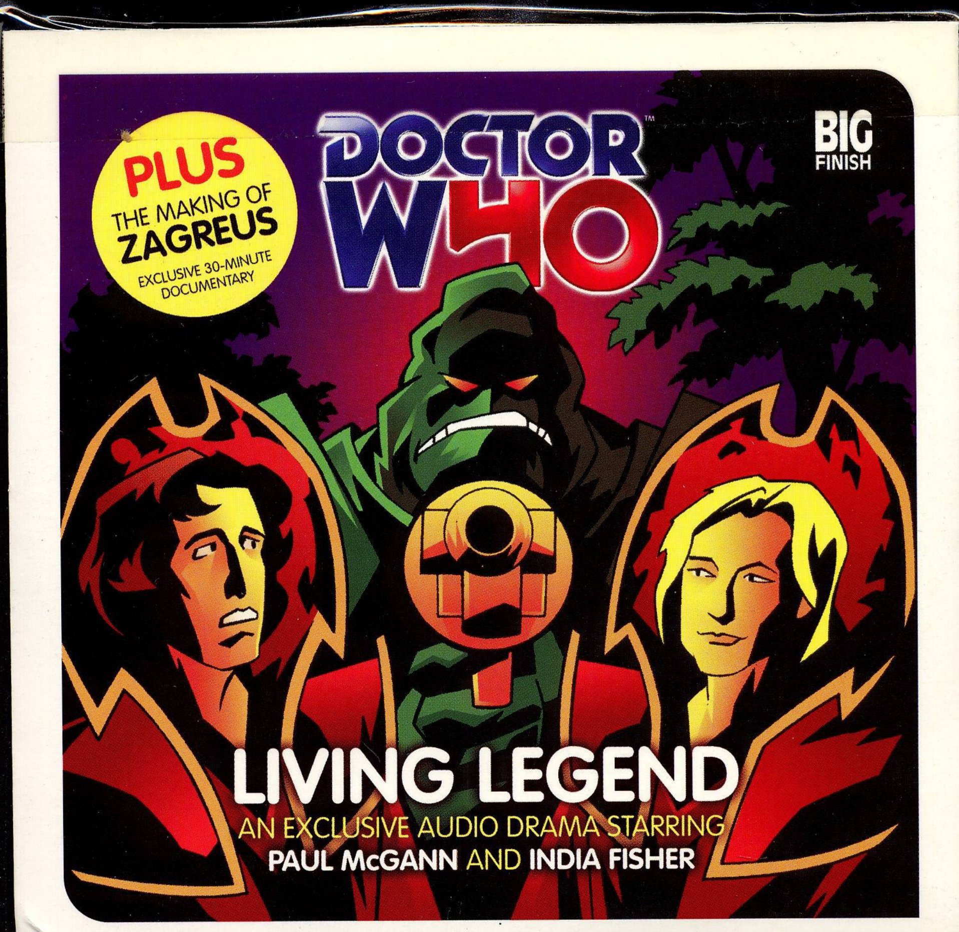
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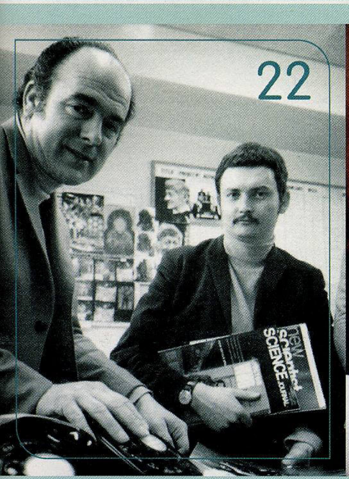
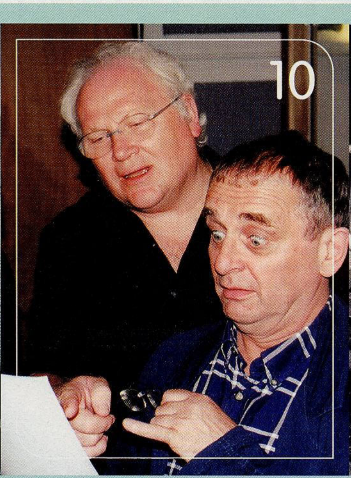
DWM 337

A GOTHMAN Scan for the HaCsA

"WE'RE GOING TO BE REWARDED WITH THE WHOLE OF TIME AND SPACE!"





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What would you do if someone let you bring **Doctor Who** back to TV? **Russell T Davies** tells all in our Special Report.

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They've been writing **Doctor Who** stories since the dawn of time (almost), and now they've reunited for a special novel. We cornered **Terrance Dicks** and **Barry Letts** to find out more!

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34 WINNER TAKES ALL
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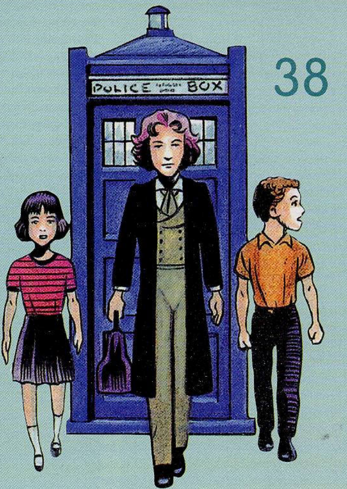

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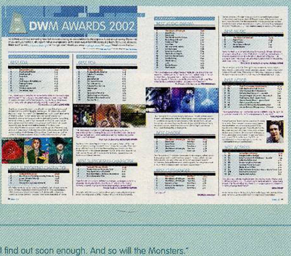


THE TIME TEAM

"I think we should probably shut up about who we think should be the new Dr Who. We'll find out soon enough. And so will the Monsters."

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN

OTHER NEWS

LICENCE RENEWED!

Fans of Big Finish's range of audio *Doctor Who* adventures worried about the impact the new television series will have on the audio range can rest easy. Big Finish issued a press release four days after the BBC anouncement to formally confirm that the company's licence to produce new *Doctor Who* adventures has been extended for another four years. (See *Zagreus*, p10.) "This agreement will run through to 2007 and will be active during the time of the new *Doctor Who* series on television, which Big Finish will heartily support," explained Big Finish's Jason Haigh-Ellery. "We would like to thank our loyal regular purchasers for their support over the past four years and hope that they enjoy the next four just as much."

EVIL OF THE DALEKS!

The Daleks have been voted the most evil TV villains ever, according to a new poll conducted by breakfast TV show *GMTV*. The aliens from Skaro beat *Footballers Wives'* Jason Turner to the top spot.

REPEATS WORLDWIDE

The Canadian network BBC Kids is planning a *Doctor Who* marathon of 40 consecutive episodes beginning at 10am on November 23. The marathon comprises nine complete stories, all from the Tom Baker era. Meanwhile, UKTV in Australia is running an extensive repeat season showcasing all of the first eight Doctors until November 22, hosted by former Third Doctor companion and voice of UKTV Katy Manning.

WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

The BBC1 documentary *The Story of Doctor Who* will have finished recording by the time you read this, with the editing process continuing into late November. The list of interviewees for the hour-long programme currently consists of: Verity Lambert; Carole Ann Ford; Peter Purves; Anneke Wills; Frazer Hines; John Scott-Martin; David Graham; Michael Kilgarriff; Graham Cole; Terrance Dicks; Barry Letts; Nicholas Courtney; Elisabeth Sladen; Tom Baker; Roger Murray Leach; Philip Hinchcliffe; Louise Jameson; John Challis; Peter Davison; Nicola Bryant; Colin Baker; Sylvester McCoy; and Sophie Aldred. The production currently has no confirmed time slot, but will be broadcast over the Christmas period.

MEDIA EXPLOSION AS NEW SERIES ANNOUNCED

HISTORY REPEATS?

BBC1 controller Lorraine Heggessey recently confirmed her plans that the new series of *Doctor Who*, provisionally scheduled to début in 2005, should air in its traditional Saturday early-evening slot. Interestingly, Heggessey has also indicated that she hopes to run repeats of old episodes in the same slot before the new series airs. The repeat season would consist of one story for each of the previous Doctors, chosen by the public in polls run by various television listings magazines. Needless to say, plans for this repeat season are in the very early stages, and much could change over the next year or so.

Meanwhile, the news of the Doctor's return generated a huge amount of publicity in national newspapers and magazines, as well as on television and radio programmes. **DWM**'s editor, Clayton Hickman, appeared on BBC Radio 4's *Today* programme to discuss the new series, while BBC cameras invaded the **DWM** office in Tunbridge Wells to interview the editorial team for local news programme *South East Today*. Indeed, every man and his dog has expressed an opinion about who should be the new Doctor [see *What the Papers Said*, opposite], but, as reported last issue, casting for the series is many months away. **DWM** is in close contact with executive producer Russell T Davies, and we will be bringing you up-to-the-minute news on the series' production over the coming months.

A DVD VISITATION

It has been confirmed that the 1982 Peter Davison story *The Visitation* is set for a BBC Worldwide DVD release on 19 January 2004, priced £19.99. As with the DVD release of *Earthshock*, the 16mm film sequences still exist, so it has been possible to re-transfer the transmission prints and re-insert them into the programme for improved picture quality. Extra features for the disc have been confirmed as follows: *Directing Who: Peter Moffatt*, a 26-minute featurette covering all the shows Moffatt worked on; *Writing a Final Visitation*, a 12-minute featurette on writer Eric Saward's script; *Scoring the Visitation*, a short interview with composer Paddy Kingsland; a 'film trims' featurette, including some shots edited from the final production; a commentary from Peter Davison, Matthew Waterhouse, Sarah Sutton, Janet Fielding and director Peter Moffatt; an isolated music score; on-screen production notes and photo gallery. Meanwhile the **DWM** DVD poll winner *Pyramids of Mars* is primed for release on 1 March, and we hope to have details of extra material for that disc next issue.

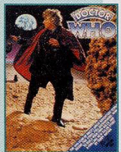
MINIMUM POWER!

A short television trailer for the lost 1966 story *The Power of the Daleks* has been uncovered by the BBC's Restoration Team. Steve Roberts told **DWM** the circumstances surrounding the find: "The trail was discovered by Andrew Martin at the BBC's Windmill Road archive. Andrew has been checking old recordings of live TV programmes to see if the recording operator caught any of the trails or continuity announcements before or after the programme. It was transmitted the day before Episode One of *The Power of the Daleks*, 4 November 1966 Unfortunately, it is incomplete, as the recording operator stopped the film recorder just as the trail started and restarted it a few seconds before the end. However, Mark Ayres has managed to salvage some of the voiceover from the beginning."

Roberts also gave **DWM** details of the content of the trailer: "It starts with the opening titles and a voiceover that says 'Doctor Who begins a new adventure on the planet Vulcan in the year 2020. He's welcomed in as an observer ...' The last sentence is barely intelligible, so won't appear on any restored version. It cuts back in on a shot of the two Daleks inside the capsule, with the Doctor, Ben and Polly peering at them in the background. It then cuts to Ben and Polly in the corridor and the Doctor saying 'Polly ... Ben ... Meet the Daleks.' 'What?' 'The *Daleks!*' We cut back to the wide shot again as they creep forward. The continuity announcer then says, 'The Daleks are back tomorrow night in *Doctor Who* at 5:50.'" A version of the trailer will be included on a future DVD.

TEN AGAIN!

Radio Times, which will be marking *Doctor Who*'s 40th anniversary with 16 extra pages and several different covers, is planning a reader offer with a difference. In 1973, the magazine published a full-colour *Doctor Who* 10th anniversary special which soon became a much sought-after collector's item. For those who missed it the first time around, *Radio Times* will be republishing the 68-page special in its original format.



Restoration Team member Ralph Montagu, also *Radio Times* Head of Heritage, is co-ordinating the project. "The dilemma was whether to simply scan the pages of an original edition or to reconstruct the original by sourcing as many of the original pictures as possible," explains Ralph. "We opted for the latter, mainly because that way, we'll be able to get a much better picture quality."

"Like the BBC's programme archive, not all the original photographs have survived, but many have, and in other cases very similar out-takes exist and will be used. Only in a few cases will we have to re-scan images from the original magazine. Tracking down the pictures and re-touching them is every bit as much a restoration exercise as preparing a programme for DVD release."

Ralph admits that in one place he decided to make a slight improvement on the original. "The opening spread contains a sequence from the 1973/4 Pertwee opening titles. However I suspect that something went wrong with the picture order as there are really only seven different frames, repeated several times over! Most people are fooled into thinking this is a continuous sequence, and in the new edition it will be!"

As well as interviews with Hartnell, Troughton and Pertwee, plus many other regulars, the magazine includes a Dalek story by Terry Nation, and instructions on how to build a Dalek.

The re-issued *Radio Times Doctor Who 10th Anniversary Special* will be available by mail order using a coupon in the *Radio Times* of 22 November or by calling **0870 770 7979*** (quoting '**DWM**'). Price £7.99 including post and packing.

* 08.30-18.00 Mon-Fri, 10.00-14.00 Sat. Calls charged at national rate.

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WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

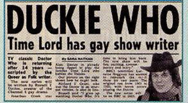
A ROUND-UP OF **DOCTOR WHO**'S APPEARANCES IN THE UK PRESS, COMPILED BY **HUW TURBERVILL**

AUGUST *The People*, on August 10, revealed that Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson collects Iron Monsters – or Daleks, to be precise. ● *The Daily Express* interviewed BBCi Doctor Richard E Grant, and he admitted he'd never seen the TV series. "I came to England when it had finished and we didn't have a TV where I grew up in South Africa," said Grant. "Everyone tells me Tom Baker's the best and he wore long scarves." ● The BBCi Doctor was featured in *The Daily Express* again on August 13 in the *Day and Night* column, reporting that Sylvester McCoy has given Grant the thumbs up. "I've always said that Richard would be my ideal successor," said McCoy. "He will be quirky and strange. He is very different to me. He's taller and thinner for a start." ● Grant told *The Guardian* what it is like to make a web drama on August 14: "Read through a scene, get director's notes, then record, then re-record sections and move on. The advantage is that there is no dawn wake-up call, locations in the middle of nowhere, make-up, wig or costume requirements. Since doing the recordings, there have been offers to go to *Dr Who* conventions and sign autographs, which I never anticipated and have not taken up. I don't feel I qualify, as it is just 'a voice'." ● *The Daily Star*'s Dominik Diamond was disparaging about ITV football commentator Clive Tyldesley on August 31. Diamond wrote: "So what will we miss about ITV's coverage? Not Tyldesley, with his voice like a Dalek whose balls are yet to drop."

SEPTEMBER *The Daily Express*, on September 2, reported the ongoing controversy surrounding BBC1 controller Lorraine Heggessey's comments on *Doctor Who*. Comparing the "fact-fudging" to the Andrew Gilligan/Iraq War affair, the Hickey column reported Heggessey's desire to "resurrect Dr Who, but the rights situation is too complicated at the moment." It then says "the *Dr Who* Fan Club [sic] pooh-poohed her, saying, 'We looked into the rights and there is nothing to prevent the show's return'." ● *The Mirror* described a "Dalek-table deal" on September 5. "Ever wanted to 'exterminate' the mother-in-law?," it asks. "Well now you can for just £2,250. A life-sized, fully-controllable Dalek has been put up for sale by heartbroken fan Mike Drew. The 44-year-old, from Edinburgh, revealed he's parting with the 5ft *Dr Who* baddie to help pay the bills, adding, 'Things have been a bit slow – and you can't live on Daleks'." ● *The Express*, on September 12, was not impressed by David Bowie's new look: "A bit like Doctor Who, there are limits to the number of regenerations one individual can undergo before mutating into a sludgy mess." ● *The Mirror's Scurra* column, on September 15, reported on Grant Robinson, "a one-time *Dr Who* fan who ... is now selling his memorabilia (including a life-size Supreme Dalek). The bad news: he's using the cash to amass a collection of works by Jeffrey Archer. *The Mirror* speculated it could be "a case of the Time Lord being replaced by the Lord who has done time." Ouch!

RETURN OF DOCTOR WHO SPECIAL!

The news that we had all been waiting for seemed to come out of the blue one Friday morning in *The Daily Telegraph*. "After aeons drifting hopelessly ... in the space/time continuum, *Doctor Who* is finally coming back to Earth. In a move that heralds the most eagerly anticipated comeback in television history, BBC1 said yesterday that it is developing a new series of the sci-fi classic," said media editor Tom Leonard on Sep 26. "But in a development that may alarm purists, the new series is being written by Russell T Davies, the creator of *Queer As Folk*, the controversial Channel 4 drama about gay life in Manchester ... although Lorraine Heggessey, controller of BBC1, insisted yesterday she did not expect a gay Doctor Who." ● Former *Gamesmaster* Dominik Diamond is obviously a fan judging by his reaction in the following day's *Daily Star*. "*Doctor Who* is coming back! Just sit there for a second and enjoy those words. Gaze upon their magnificence, bask in their glory, taste their power. The greatest sci-fi show in the world before *Buffy* ... It is the show that proved even rubbish set designers could get work." ● *The Sun*, on the same day, speculates that the Doctor may be gay, and headlines its story, 'Duckie Who', while Bob Shields, of *The Daily Record*, in Scotland, is not ecstatic. He wrote: "I thought the mountains of Jaggeroth would tumble into the sea ... before this pile of cack ever reappeared on our screens. Surely it's time for the BBC to let Zygons be Zygons." ● *The Independent on Sunday*, on Sep 28, posed several questions: "Could we have the first gay Doctor? (His wardrobe would certainly improve.) Will his young charges speak in Ali G parlance ("you Daleks is wicked")? And will Cybermen indulge in unsafe sexual practices?" ● *The Sunday Telegraph*, searching for a different angle to a two-day-old story, returns to that old chestnut, should the Doctor return as a woman? They track down Paul McGann, who said: "I think it's high time that Doctor Who was a woman. There is nothing in the stories to say The Doctor can't be female. I'd like to see somebody really scary, Amazonian, highly intelligent and gorgeous: someone who could be a complete handful. Rachel Stirling [the actress daughter of Dame Diana Rigg] could do it because she's got great charisma. Dame Maggie Smith would be brilliant. I'd like to see the Doctor as diva, rather than being played by some dippy, wide-eyed girl. For too long the Doctor has been played as a very heavy, melancholic man with Victorian gravitas. The producers of the ninth series should cast their net slightly wider than the usual white male, but it'll probably end up going to James Nesbitt ... because his stock is so high at the moment and he'll be a ratings winner." ● *The Guardian* has strong opinions on how the Doctor should return. On Sep 29, Brian Logan wrote: "The Beeb's instructions are clear: tread softly, because you tread on our dreams. If [it] is to be a success, then it needs to bring back a little piece of the 1960s with it. It's not that the oft-cited wobbly sets should be recreated. (And they're not always wobbly – you should watch *The Robots of Death*!) It's the spirit of wobbliness, the primacy of imagination over special effects, that counts." ● *The Mirror*'s Sue Carroll, on Oct 1, comments on speculation that the Doctor might be gay, and said: "He can be Graham Norton as far as I'm concerned, provided the show looks as if it's been filmed in a sand-pit up the M25, the walls are wobbly and the Daleks still can't get up a flight of stairs." ● *The Independent* and *The Daily Star*, on Oct 2, report on Tom Baker's comment that Eddie Izzard should be cast as the Doctor, with the latter saying the deal had been done, under the headline 'Eddie Izz Time Lady'. ● *The Mirror*'s Maggie Barry, on Oct 4, says she prefers Richard E Grant for the role, though. ● Garry Bushel, in *The People* on Oct 5, has a dig at the Beeb, meanwhile. He wrote: "BBC1 is bringing back Dr Who. Odd. Can he do DIY?" ● The following day *The Sun* claims a scoop – *Teachers* star Andrew Lincoln, also famous as Egg in *This Life*, "is on the BBC's 'wish list'. A telly insider said: 'Andrew is very hot property at the moment. He would be brilliant as the doctor'." Egg-citing days ...

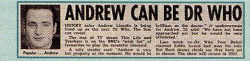


DUCKIE WHO

Time Lord has gay show writer

TV classic Doctor Who is returning after 14 years — scripted by the Queer as Folk writer.

By SARA NATHAN



ANDREW CAN BE DR WHO

HUNKY actor Andrew Lincoln is being lined up as the next Dr Who, The Sun can reveal.

The star of TV shows This Life and Teachers is on the BBC's "wish list" of favourites to play the eccentric timelord.

A telly insider said: "Andrew is very hot property at the moment. He would be brilliant as the doctor." A spokeswoman for Andrew, 30, said: "We have not been approached yet but he would be very interested."

Last week ex-Dr Who Tom Baker claimed Eddie Izzard had won the role. But Beeb drama chiefs say they have yet to choose. The show will return in 2005.

Popular ... Andrew

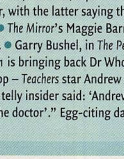
OUTSIDE THE SPACESHIP

Compiled by **Dominic May**

SWANSEA OWNERSHIP SHOCK! According to new *Who* writer/executive producer **Russell T Davies**, the town of Swansea is actually owned by a man called Max Vivaldi in *Mine All Mine*, a six-part comedy/drama he has written for ITV1. Griff Rhys Jones plays Max, who discovers a will from 1710 bequeathing it to his family. Also featuring Ruth Madoc, it films until December for broadcast in the Spring. Describing it as an easy-going family drama, Davies says, "I've done all that sexy, running about stuff." He is also developing *Casanova* for LWT and is due to attend the Hull Literature Festival, which takes place from 6-16 November.

McGANN IN MOURNING **Paul McGann** will be appearing as Captain Adam Brant in Howard Davies' production of Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* alongside Helen Mirren, Eve Best and Sean McGinley at the National Theatre from 17 November. The play is set in New England after the Civil War and runs in repertory at the Lyttleton until at least 20 January. Tickets can be obtained from *www.nationaltheatre.org.uk* or phone 020 7452 3000.

MORE PINAFORE Following plaudits for his portrayal of First Lord of the Admiralty The Rt Hon Sir Joseph Porter KCB in the Carl Rosa Opera production of *HMS Pinafore*, **Colin Baker** has agreed to join the company's Spring tour. Full dates will be advised soon, but so far there is 10-14 February – Theatre Royal, Glasgow (Box Office 0141 332 9000); 23rd to 28th – Grand Theatre, Blackpool (01253 290190); 1-6 March – Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham (01242 572573).



TARDIS TOILETS & TOM During a recent interview with Melbourne paper *The Age*, **Tom Baker** was asked if the TARDIS had toilets to which he replied, "It didn't. The extraordinary thing was there was no sign of anyone eating either. It's funny, in literature no one ever goes to the lavatory. No one ever says, 'Dorothy's just having a great Rabelaisian bowel movement.' No one ever says that, do they? It's just one of those conventions, really!"

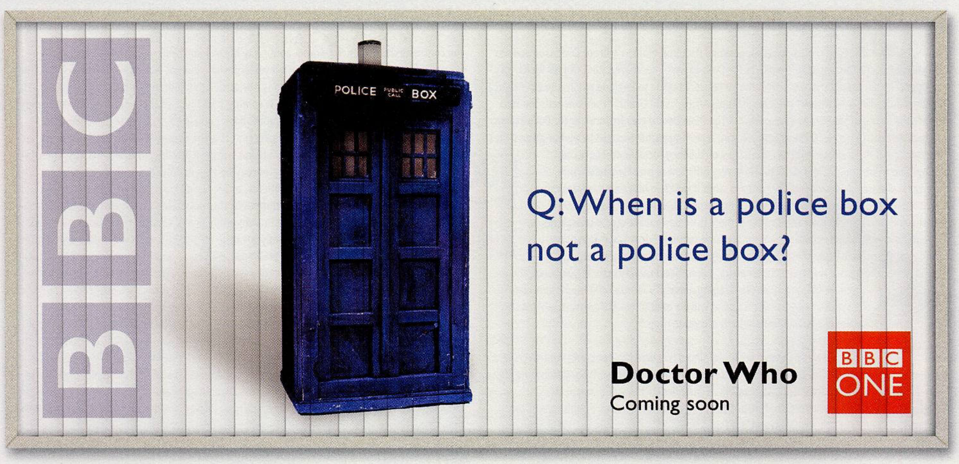
BLUE AND ORANGE COMPANIONS **Jean Marsh** plays villainess Kismet Stryker in *Blue Peter*'s new Quest serial *Masters of Time*, which commenced on 31 October on BBC1. **Daphne Ashbrook** has a recurring role as alcoholic mother Dawn Atwood in the Fox's new drama *The OC* (*Orange County*).

RANI, QUEEN OF SCOTS **Kate O'Mara**, whose autobiography *Vamp Until Ready* was published on 28 October, has been appearing as Mary, Queen of Scots in her self-penned and directed play *Shadow in the Sun* and in the New Year will tour as Eloise in Noel Coward's *The Marquise* commencing 14 January at the Theatre Royal, Windsor. She reprises Patsy Stone's sister Jackie in BBC1's forthcoming *Absolutely Fabulous* Christmas special.

DID YOU MISS? **Sylvester McCoy** and **Gary Russell** on Radio 5 Live discussing *Doctor Who* with Matthew Banister on 23 September; the four **Michael Owen Morris**-directed episodes of *EastEnders*, which saw Dirty Den's return from 29 September; **Andrew Morgan** directing BBC1's *Byker Grove*; **Alan Wareing** directing ITV1's *Emmerdale*.

OBITUARY **Peter Russell**, who played Eldred in *The Time Meddler*, died on 28 July aged 72. **Ben Aris**, who played Lieutenant Shears in the first episode of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, died on 4 September aged 66.

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN EXTRA!



"Have fun with it, in your head." **DWM** imagines how a billboard campaign might appear ...

Excited? Worried? Bemused? The fact that **Doctor Who** is returning to TV not quite sinking in? Well imagine how **Russell T Davies** feels! The writer and executive producer of the new **Doctor Who** series took time out of his busy schedule to talk to Clayton Hickman about Garms and funny hats and bees. Mainly bees ...

So, Russell! You're in the position that many *Doctor Who* have fans have dreamed about – being asked to bring back *Doctor Who*. How do you feel?
Marvellous. And it's one hell of a responsibility. It's all a bit surreal, suddenly I've got an inbox offering me police boxes and Nimons. And to be honest, I'm busy finishing off two other projects until the New Year, so I don't think it'll sink in properly till then. But every so often, in the middle of those jobs, I sit back and reflect on the fact that soon, in 2005, we're all going to be flying through time and space. That's just beautiful.

What were your fondest memories of the series growing up?
The whole thing. It was blissful ignorance, before we'd learnt to divide stories into 'classics' and 'oddballs' and 'strike-bound'. I didn't even know that programmes had writers. *Doctor Who* was just a permanent fixture. It was always on, and I always loved it, and it was as simple as that. If you want to know how old I am, I can remember William Hartnell regenerating. But in a good light, I look like I was born during *Logopolis*.

Is there a particular "feel" of the old series that you want to re-capture? Or are you wanting something totally new?
I'll use this question to go on a bit of a riff, if that's all right. But I want to explain why I'm reluctant to answer this stuff – I'm not going to say what the adventures are going to be like, or the Doctor's character, or his companions, or their clothes, or whether I'm bringing back the Garm. I'm not being secretive, and there are no mysterious BBC directives forbidding me to talk. This is just the way I work. For the past five years, I haven't handed in a synopsis for anything I've written, I just let it happen in my head, and then on the page. It involves a lot of trust! But it keeps the writing alive. Most importantly, it keeps all my options open. If I announce in advance that the Doctor will wear a bee-keeper's outfit, then I'll start to limit what I'm writing, I'll confine myself to bee-inhabited planets. I want the freedom to have no bees!

Also, no matter how much people are clamouring for information, it's best to keep quiet. Things always change in production, for all sorts of reasons – they can change on a whim, or out of a big, bloody row, or because that quarry isn't open on Tuesday. Change is good, but fandom, with all its wonderful and wild intensity, doesn't always understand the volatility of production. I might promise you the Garm, reach page 55 of *Planet of the Garms*, decide it's rubbish, junk it, and invent a talking cat instead. Which would leave internet message boards screaming furiously, "But you promised us the Garm!" and "Hate the cat!" and "*Doctor Who* died today!". And then Garm impersonators would stalk me. They're big men. Trust me – I know the lack of information must be frustrating, but it's better to be careful and professional at this stage.

> **"No matter how much people are clamouring for information, it's best to keep quiet."** RUSSELL T DAVIES

In the absence of information, don't fume – enjoy yourself! Right now, all your options are open. Anything could happen. Have fun with it, in your head, just like I'm doing.

How will the changes in the ways television is made today mean changes for *Doctor Who* as a TV series?
I hope it means it'll look better. And that's said with no disrespect to the previous production teams, I honestly don't know how they managed to achieve those weekly miracles. But the greatest curse of *Doctor Who*'s look was the proscenium arch-effect of a four-camera studio. It severely limits every single shot. I used to be a multi-camera studio director at the BBC, I know how much they struggled! While we haven't worked out precisely how the new series is going to be made, it's more or less impossible to revert to that old formula. So already, you're talking about getting a single camera right into the action, with better lenses, better lighting. I can see it already. I swear it looks good.

How involved will you be with the new series?
I'll write at least six episodes. If there are more, I'll be involved in selecting the new writers, and determining what they're writing. Which might mean working very closely with them, or leaving them to their own genius. Plus, as Executive Producer, I act with Julie Gardner and Mal Young as an overseer on the entire production. Choosing directors, designers, casting, watching daily rushes, giving notes on the first edit and the final edit of each episode, and attending the dub. In my spare time, I will be on the potter's wheel.

I've been an Executive Producer on all the dramas I've worked on since 1998 – it's closer to the American system of production, where writers become producers and supervise every aspect of production. It doesn't mean having the power of veto, it's an entirely collaborative system. And I'm convinced that *Doctor Who* needs supervision more than any other British drama I can think of, because it has the potential to be ruined by big collars and funny hats and comedy accents.

How do you think the Doctor should be presented in the new series?
You will love him. That's all I'm saying for now, because it's the only thing that matters. You will absolutely love being with him.

Will all the die-hard *Doctor Who* fans be pleased? What elements of the series would you like to see remain?
None of us is talking about a reboot, it's the same old *Doctor Who*. I want the Doctor, at least one companion, whose name is probably Rose Tyler, I want the TARDIS, I want it to look like a police box, and I want

them to fly through the universe and all its history, facing death and danger and braving it out with a fast and funny fighting spirit. That's *Doctor Who*, isn't it?

When will work start on the new series in earnest?
I start work in January, and production will pick up speed as 2004 goes on. That's very vague, isn't it? Believe me, it's genuinely vague! I haven't even set foot in BBC Wales yet. Budgets are a long way off being finalised, and the number of episodes will only be determined by that, and the number of episodes will determine the schedule ... and so on. We wouldn't even approach an actor until production details are locked down. Casting is a long way off. We'll be on screen in 2005.

Are you surprised that the BBC wants to bring back *Doctor Who* at this point? Why do you think it is?
D'you know, I didn't even ask them why. That's only just occurred to me. When someone makes a big decision like that, you don't want to question it in any way! But we all went into the first meeting not asking "How did we get here?" but rather, "Where are we going?" Andrew Pixley will have to dig out the memos one day. (Is that him underneath my desk? Oh no, it's someone else ...)

I'm not that surprised at the decision, because as BBC Drama goes from strength to strength, it strikes me that they want something for everyone on screen. They want every type of drama! *Byron*, and *Cutting It*, and *Holby City*, and *Strange*, and *State of Play* ... look at the range of material, it's brilliant. Science-fiction had to feature on the list sooner or later, so why not use the best property of all?

What's the vibe been like from the BBC? Are they really as anxious to bring the show back as they seem? Have they got any specific ideas about how they want the new series to be?
Anxious isn't the word, the "vibe", as you young things put it, is just happy and professional and busy.

As for specific ideas, I've been given a completely free hand so far. The key words there being *so far*. But as I said, it's a collaborative medium. If you want to carve and guard every single word in isolation, go and be a poet. If you want to work in TV, then talk to the team.

Is it possible, in the mid 2000s, to make *Doctor Who* the series that every kid at school watches – like it used to be?
Yes! That's what we're aiming for. The kids – the boys and the girls – and their mums and dads and grans and the grumpy old man next door, and his dog. They should all come and watch. They really should. We're going to travel the universe, why on earth would you stay behind?

So, who's gonna play Doctor Who? C'mon, gissa clue – then we can all win some cash at the bookies!
As Wilma once said on *Buck Rogers*, when she discovered that Space Dwarves had taken over the laser-beam, "Cease this insanity at once!" The tabloids are having fun, and the bookies are making money, and the internet's in a froth. But meanwhile, back in the real world ... We have no script or schedule. We cannot approach any actor at this stage. I'll write a script, maybe a couple of scripts. And then we join with a casting director to enter the complicated world of agents and contracts and availability. Long way to go. And there's nothing special and *Who*-ish about this, it's the same process as any other drama.

What's your feeling about the media's 'take' on this story – that we may be seeing a gay Doctor in the new series? DWM has received some concerned mail from fans, worried about your writing background. Is there anything you'd like to say to them?
Interesting form of cowardice from the tabloids. When I wrote *The Second Coming*, about the return to Earth of the Son of God, not one paper dared to ask 'Will Jesus Be Gay?' They're far too scared to type that. But *Doctor Who*'s an easy target.

And yes, I gather there's been some concern from fans about my writing background. If they think my writing's bad, then they'd better go and get interested in *Andromeda*, 'cos I'm certainly not about to change. If they're worried about my being gay, then I'm sorry that they live in fear and anger. I'm sorry for about a second, and then I completely forget them.

Finally, then, do you have a message for the thousands of excited/anxious DWM readers?
It's going to be a long wait! I'm a bit worried that in the months of frenzy ahead, *Doctor Who* will eat itself, or something. Calm down! Breathe deep! And *Doctor Who* takes all sorts of forms these days – if you aren't into Big Finish, or the BBC Books, or Scott Gray's comic strip, then start now, they're wonderful worlds. But I can promise that even though our meetings are at a preliminary stage, we're having ideas which make us run around the room. Honestly, I thought of one scene, yesterday afternoon, in which the Doctor's trapped and the countdown's ticking and he turns round and sees ... oh blimey. This is going to be good!

I know how flippant things can seem in print, so rest assured that I'm not serious about Garms or bee-keeping outfits. This isn't going to be a send-up or a pastiche. It's a proper drama, for all the family. We're going to take an alien, and a human, and make them your best friends, and then push them to the edge of danger and the heights of exhilaration. Beaming into your home on BBC1, in the twenty-first century.

We've waited a long time for this, and now we're going to be rewarded with the whole of time and space. Imagine that ... DWM

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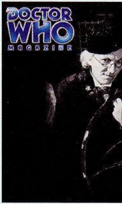
EDITOR'S **LETTER**



Crikey! It's been a hell of a month for us here at Panini Towers. The phone hasn't stopped ringing, our inboxes are creaking under the strain of a bajillion emails, and, to top it all, we've had newspaper, radio and TV people swarming all over the office. Who would have though the appointment of a new **DW**M designer would cause such a kerfuffle?

Har har! Well, okay then, it was actually because DOCTOR WHO IS COMING BACK TO ... oh, hang about, I did that last month, didn't I? But nonetheless, the excitement is still palpable as the British press get their knickers in a twist about who'll be taking to the TARDIS, with everyone from Tom Baker to Terry Wogan sticking their oar in and stirring up yet more rumours and gossip.

So, while other magazines are content merely to report this furore, and make a few vague allusions to mysterious 'sources' close to the production, we at **DW**M felt our readership deserved better, so we went to the one man who actually *knows* what's going on – Russell T Davies. You'll find an enlightening and exclusive interview with him on page 6, which cuts through all the half-truths and misinformation sloshing around in the papers and on the internet. It means you can finally put paid to your next-door neighbour's insistence that 'the bloke in the dress – you know, that Teddy Lizard' is *definitely* the new Doctor Who.

> "It's been a great four weeks for us – and for you, I'll bet!"

But back to reality for a moment and ... blimey! If the 40th anniversary hasn't just crept up on us all as we were feverishly checking the *Express* for more casting rumours. The new series might be the best birthday present of all, but we've had a damn good crack at making this issue of **DW**M come a close second. Aside from the rather wonderful free CD glued to the cover, we've got interviews with four Doctors, umpteen assistants and two writing legends, a look back at how it all started, a brand new painting from one of the most popular *Doctor Who* artists ever, the results of the **DW**M poll and a frankly magical comic strip. Not to mention our exclusive unveiling of the new companion's name ...

It's been a great four weeks for us – and for you, too, I'll bet – so we're very pleased to welcome James Clarkson on board at such an exciting time. He's a Not-We, you know, but he's already asked to borrow the video of *Castrovalva*, so something's going right.

Ah well, no rest for the wicked. Tom and I are off to polish the **DW**M Awards in time for their, er, awarding at PanoptiCon. You can judge how good a job we did in next issue's photo-feature. Until then, happy anniversary everyone!

Clay

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(marked 'DWMail' in the subject line)

DWMAIL

Our postbag has been stretched to bursting this month. Wonder why ...?

HIP HIP HOORAY!

Fantastic news, and who saw that one coming, eh? A new series, BBC1, Saturday nights, Russell T Davies ... I just sat there and kept reading the reports over and over again, just to make sure it was all true, trying desperately to absorb all the details. Good luck to all those involved in the new production, and I look forward to **DW**M's (hopefully detailed) coverage.

PAUL HAYES E-MAIL

Finally! The BBC has woken up! I wasn't even born when *Doctor Who* was cancelled, but I can't help but be reminded of what the Beeb said upon the cancellation. Just resting? Well, 14 years is a long enough rest, it seems!

THOMAS McLOONE E-MAIL

It's coming back! It's coming back! It's coming back! It's coming baaaacccck!!! ... bet it'll be rubbish.

GARSTAN DE FAW E-MAIL

Despite this good news, I'm troubled that many people are musing on who will be cast as the *new* Doctor, when the obvious choice staring us all in the face is Paul McGann. I'd sign Paul up immediately so we can have the chance to see how the Eighth Doctor will develop in a proper series. How can we even be thinking of a Ninth Doctor when the Eighth has barely had any time to truly shine?

DAVID W ROBINSON NEW YORK

My name is Helen and I am 13 and a huge *Doctor Who* fan. I was so happy when I read your magazine and found that they are making a new series! Yay! I am also a huge fan of the Daleks, so I got a blow-up one for my birthday. Cool, huh?

HELEN SMART BIRMINGHAM

Although the new series of *Doctor Who* is a couple of years off yet, I view this period of anticipation with the same excitement as the wait for the final instalment of the *Star Wars* saga. How appropriate that 2005 should see the finale of one epic series, and the rebirth of another. Thank you BBC, you've made my decade!

ANDREW PALMER E-MAIL

Having spent many an evening drinking in the City with various financial types, the subject of our favourite TV programme has often cropped up. Not knowing that I'm a fan they'll often pass comments which are quite enlightening. First almost everyone likes it! Yes, I'm not joking there's a lot of nostalgia in there, but they do genuinely like the stories, the monsters, idea of the TARDIS etc. Secondly, no one expects it to compete with Hollywood blockbusters; it's just seen as piece of typical BBC drama.

So, in essence, Mr Davies, all that I'm saying is that to get these 'floating' fans to watch, all that's required is to keep to the basic format, maintain production values found in British primetime dramas, and most importantly try not to copy ideas directly from US TV and film as the series will only ever be seen as a poor relation. Good luck!

NEIL DIGNUM CHELMSFORD

This news couldn't have come at a better time, just days after the *Radio Times* had revealed *Doctor Who* as the series readers most wanted to see return. Russell T Davies is an excellent choice of writer, and special thanks to go to Lorainne Heggessey for getting a new series started. At last!

MATT CROOKS E-MAIL

French renaissance writer Francois Rabelais once famously observed that "nature abhors a vacuum." The principle is that as soon as there is a gap, something will come along to fill it. Can it really be a coincidence that as soon as Andrew Pixley finished his exhaustive *Archives of Doctor Who* stories the BBC decide to make some more? I have this mental image of a man with a straggly white beard emerging blinking into the sunlight from his dusty, cobweb-strewn *Archive* den to declare, "At last, my work is done! Free, free at last!" only for God to say, "Sorry, Andrew, but they've just announced a new series ... back in you go."

JONATHAN MORRIS LEWISHAM

I would like to congratulate Russell for getting a new series off the ground – his shows *Bob and Rose* and *The Second Coming* were two of the bravest mainstream productions I have seen. *Doctor Who* is in a safe pair of hands.

JAMES VAN-DER HEIDEN E-MAIL

Alright, alright, don't get too excited. May I refer everybody back to 1993 and a certain *Dark Dimension*? I remember ripping a copy of **DWM** as I picked it up in WHSmith, such was my eagerness to learn of the latest developments, and there it was: '*Dark Dimension* Cancelled'. Call me a pessimist, but like Sophie Ellis-Bextor says: "A pessimist is never disappointed."

ROBERTO PRESTONI CROYDON

Well, she also said "there's murder on the dancefloor," but that hasn't stopped us going clubbing ...

MARKED FOR GREATNESS

I just want to thank your fine magazine for bringing us the heart-warmingly fantastic interview with Mark Gatiss. Until I read the interview I never knew what a big fan he was, his hopes and plans for a revival of our beloved *Doctor Who* gave me new respect for a man who I stupidly assumed was just another author. Speaking of which does Mr Gatiss have anything lined up in the not too far future? Thank you again and in the fine tradition of sucking up, keep up the good work.

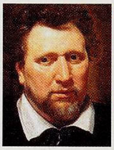
CHRIS LOCKLEY E-MAIL

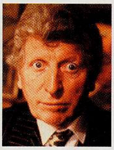
SEVENTIES' COLOUR?

Re Your entertaining *Fact of Fiction* piece on *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* – you don't mention that, on their way to the jewellers, the Doctor and Sarah pass a shop advertising 'colour televisions'. Quite aside from the irony of this scene being in Part One, it rather dates the story to (surprise, surprise) the early 1970s. Square that with the Cold War being over!

STUART MADDISON EALING

LOOK-AHH! LIKE-AHHHH!


Baker


Jonson

While admiring this portrait of the 17th Century playwright Ben Jonson in the National Portrait Gallery recently, I couldn't help but notice the similarity to famously mad-as-cheese actor Tom Baker. Are they by chance related?

GARY GILLATT (MISS) SOAPLAND

MANNERS!

In response to James Morrison in **DWM** 335, I object to the personal abuse he levels at Clayton Hickman. There's no need to refer to anyone as foolish and incompetent or pathetic. In my opinion, **DWM** is in a far healthier state than it has been for a long time. James, I have no problem with your opinion, but do try to learn some manners!

MATTHEW BADHAM E-MAIL

IN DWM 338

HOT GOSSIP!
Production Manager Gary Downie gives us an exposé of life behind the *Doctor Who* cameras. Naughty – but ever so nice!

THE SATURDAY SHOW
Andrew Pixley returns with the first part of *Scheduled for Success*, giving some fascinating insights into *Doctor Who*'s place in the BBC's lineup ...

CHANGE, MY DEAR ...
The Accidental Tourist concludes, as Daniel O'Mahony examines the legacy of regeneration – a blessing and a curse that would haunt the series' stars ...

HONEST INJUN!
The TARDIS touches down in Dakota in a brand new comic strip adventure, *Bad Blood*.

PLUS!
The Time Team! *Scherzo! The Christmas Quiz! Space-Time Telegraph! The DWM Poll 2003!* Plus the latest news and reviews, and a look back at PanoptiCon!

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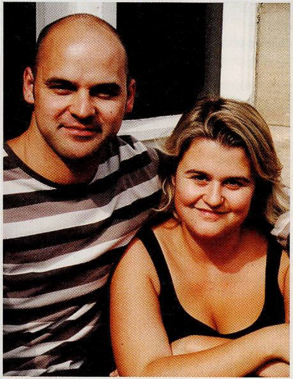
for fans who should know better



CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

Benjamin Cook takes a trip to wonderland as he meets up with four Doctors, umpteen companions and numerous little ones, all gathered together to record Big Finish's November anniversary audio extravaganza, **Zagreus**. It's lucky he had his camera there to record it all for posterity. After all, what's the use of an article without pictures ...?

"Next question please!" says Colin Baker, asked to explain what's going on. "It's impossible to tell. I can tell you what *my* bits are about – I'm not going to, though! But I can't tell you what the overall story is about, because I haven't read it." Four Doctors. Three CDs. Two studios. One script. It's bound to be confusing. Well, isn't it? "I would like to have seen the rest of the script. I mean, the character I'm playing wouldn't know what happens in other scenes, but I am an actor playing the character and I want to know." So, you're not playing the Sixth Doctor? "Ah-hah. We'll see."

And that was it. 'Ah-hah. We'll see.' The only answer that Colin Baker would give. Okay, so he said it with a twinkle in his eye and a big smile on his face, but everyone, it seems, is remaining tight-lipped about the precise nature of Big Finish's 40th anniversary shindig, *Zagreus*. Are they keeping some terrible secret? Or do they just not have the foggiest idea what's going on?

"Basically, it's ... the quest ... to find out ... what's happening," says India Fisher, choosing her words carefully. "Charley's on a quest to cure the Doctor, and he's on a quest to try to discover what's happening and why. It carries on exactly where *Neverland* left off. It's just the Doctor and me in the TARDIS to start with. He's been infected by Anti-Time and has become Zagreus, so it's all very scary. I'm running around and he's throwing things at me. It's all very unlike the Doctor. I think Charley's a bit nonplussed by that. She suddenly realises that she's on her own in the TARDIS with this madman. And we have help from various other Doctors, various other incarnations. And the TARDIS is the Brigadier –"

> "I STAYED UP UNTIL 1.30 LAST NIGHT READING IT. IT'S REALLY RATHER TOUCHING ..."
>
> **INDIA FISHER** SHOWS DEVOTION TO DUTY

Nicholas Courtney looks alarmed. "That's classified information," he exclaims (which is very likely true).

"If you're the TARDIS, what am *I*? I'm not a TARDIS. I'm a sort of ..." Maggie Stables is confused. "I don't know if I can ... Oh dear."

"It's confusing, isn't it?" Nicholas admits. "I play a hologram of me. Is that right?"

"You *are* the Brigadier," says India, helpfully, "I think."

"But I'm pretty unsympathetic," he continues, "and nasty to women. Normally, the Brigadier is very nice to women, so I like being nasty to women for once. Not in real life, though. When I was young, I used to play very nasty people. I saw an old show of mine the other day – I slapped women around, I murdered them ... Quite convincing I was too. The evil side of me! I don't even remember playing that part. It makes a change to play someone nasty."

Maggie smiles. "Everyone plays lots of other people, don't they?"

"Apart from me," chimes in India. "I just play Charley, because they don't think I can play anything else!" This is most unlikely, of course. "I was really looking forward to reading this one. I stayed up till one-thirty last night reading it in my hotel room. It's quite touching, really – the idea that Charley is playing a sort of parallel part to the Doctor."

"Actually, I've played a nasty Brigadier before," considers Nicholas. "That was in *Inferno*. I was the Brigade Leader –" I feel an eye-patch anecdote coming on. India Fisher saves me ...

"I only got the full script a couple of days ago," she interrupts. Maggie and Nicholas glare enviously at her. "Oh ... didn't you?" Most of the cast have only been provided with their relevant pages, which has saved several rainforests but confused several actors. "That's Big Finish for you," laughs India. "Bless 'em! We've waited quite a while for this one to materialise. I got it hand-delivered, in fact, by Gary Russell himself."

"No one gets angry with me," insists Gary Russell (who is co-writer and director of this ambitious project). "You all love me, don't you?" Everyone in the studio shifts nervously but says nothing. "What are they all saying out there in the green room?" he asks, turning to me. "They all hate me, don't they?" It's the only topic of conversation, I tell him.

"It's true, yeah," pipes up India. "We all hate you, really."

"Well then, next time I write a special," he grins, "I know who'll be written in and who'll be written out. And you, Charley Pollard, will die on the very first page!"

PETER DAVISON
COLIN BAKER
SYLVESTER McCOY
PAUL McGANN
DOCTOR WHO
ZAGREUS

Nicola Bryant: "And Gary will be writing, producing, directing *and* acting all the parts, won't you, Gary? It'll be the Gary Russell Show!"

"Yes, that's the idea. Me! Me! Me!"

"He's imbued with this slice of evil," explains Paul McGann, when I ask him to tell me about the Eighth Doctor's current predicament. or is he talking about Gary? "I won't go into the whole detail of it, because I've only just recorded it. I'll still be trying to figure it out tonight! But yeah, the Doctor's a bit of a bastard in this one. And that's great. What's fun, what's nice to play, is a dark side ..."

"You have more fun being a baddie," confirms Peter Davison, who's wearing exactly the same t-shirt that he wore for the recording of *The Sirens of Time* half-a-decade earlier (his own way of commemorating the

anniversary, perhaps?). “There are more things to *do* with a bastard.”

“There’s more space, there’s more latitude, there’s more elbowroom with a baddie,” agrees Paul. “The good guys have to be patently good, if you know what I mean. They have to look noble.” Is there nothing that *Doctor Who* can’t do? “I don’t think so. That’s the beauty of it, isn’t it?”

“Maybe there are some things,” Colin Baker chips in, “but if we say what they are I can bet you that somebody will come up with a script that includes precisely those things – and it’ll work. You can say that the Doctor could never massacre a thousand innocent children, but if someone came up with a script that gave a very good reason why he should … well, then I’d do it.”

“You could have said that Doctor Who can’t sing,” smiles Sylvester McCoy, pointing accusingly at Colin Baker.

“He sang? When?” Paul grins. “Why didn’t they ask *me* to sing?”

“Actually, when I heard,” says Colin, “that they were doing a Gilbert and Sullivan [see *Doctor Who and the Pirates*], I thought, ‘This is taking it too far.’ But I read the script and it gave an entirely credible reason why the Doctor would sing. It’s one of the most moving scripts I’ve ever read in terms of the context in which the Doctor decides to do what he does.”

“A barbershop quartet!” exclaims Peter Davison, quite suddenly. “Wouldn’t it be perfect? It’d be perfect, wouldn’t it?” The Four Doctors, he means. “Yeah, we’d go down a storm.” At conventions, I suggest. “I’m thinking bigger than that! We could be huge …”

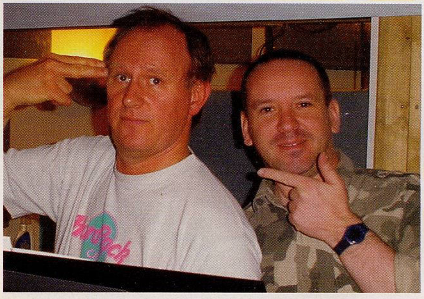
“Worldwide domination,” whispers Sylvester McCoy, menacingly.

“Did Sylvester draw all of these?” asks Sophie Aldred, pointing to a crayon portrait of what looks like a lighthouse. “You went to Jupiter this morning, didn’t you?” Her young son, Adam, nods.

“I play an evil duck,” says Sophie (when I thought it over afterwards, it occurred to me that I ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural), “who’s Bonnie Langford’s evil twin. I start off normal; then I get zapped by something and turn evil. That’s the plot. There are some people looking out of the windows.” Sorry? “The rocket – Sylvester’s rocket.” I thought it was a lighthouse! “Look at all those colours.” Is she talking to me or Adam? I tell them both that it’s the rockingest rocket that I’ve ever seen. “I wouldn’t go that far,” Sophie frowns. “I should let your readers know that, as we speak, I’m breastfeeding one child and talking to another …” Yeah, I was going to ask her about that. As we chat in the bustling green room, Sophie is playing with her oldest child and feeding her youngest. I’ve never interviewed anyone, male or female, with their breasts out before. “When they’re hungry, they’re hungry,” she explains, helpfully.

“It was always the intention to mark the anniversary in this way,” says Jason Haigh-Ellery, who’s the nice man in charge of Big Finish Productions. “I don’t think any one person came up with the idea *per se*; it’s just that when we realised that our contract lasted through November 2003, it seemed such an obvious thing to do.” An anniversary special? “That’s right. The thing about multi-Doctor stories, though, is that they’ve been done several times before. We wanted to do something different, you see. And that was deliberate, because we’d already done *The Sirens of Time*, which was a more traditional kind of milestone story. Our concern, really, was that we’d just end up rehashing something that had already been done. When Gary laid out the plan for *Zagreus*, though, he’d come up with something totally different, and I think we all wholeheartedly agreed that this was the way to go.”

“I can’t understand it,” Lalla Ward confesses, “so I can’t work out whether it makes any sense or not. I haven’t a clue. Learn the lines, try to pronounce the words properly, and try not to put your foot in your mouth,” she summarises. “If it’s audio, you don’t even have to learn the lines. You don’t even have to read.” From what Lalla gathers of the plot, then, can she whet our appetites? Actually, no. “I couldn’t possibly. I don’t gather a thing! I just read it on the train on the way to the studio. I only got the script yesterday.”



“WE SHOULD GET A FOUR DOCTORS BARBERSHOP QUARTET TOGETHER! WE’D GO DOWN A STORM …”

PETER DAVISON CONSIDERS WORLD DOMINATION

How exactly is she getting into character? “I’ve been playing Romana for a long time, so I fall into it without too much trouble.” She’s playing Romana, then? “Well, yes. I don’t know if there *is* a character; it’s just vaguely doing what I always did do. If there isn’t a character, then it’s my fault, but I haven’t really thought about it, to be honest.”

“It’s just about as far away from Benny as you can get,” announces Lisa Bowerman (who plays the title role in Big Finish’s *Professor Bernice Summerfield* range). “I hope this isn’t giving too much away: I’m playing a gazelle sergeant major.” Erm, how do you get into character for that? “I do a lot of method! I go to the zoo, I talk to the animals … No, no, I just use my imagination. It’s quite a fun part,” she drops her voice to a whisper, “but she may die in the end!” Is Lisa following the plot? “God no!”

“I’ve no idea either,” Bonnie Langford grins. “I can’t even say the title!”

“We don’t really need to know,” suggests Lisa. “Well, I don’t. It’s best not to ask.”

"It's the usual, confusing time-changing whatever," Bonnie continues. "My part this afternoon has slight Cruella De Vil tendencies. I think Glenn Close will make an appearance somewhere along the line! And Cassandra, who I've just played, was a complete subservient wimp, but I suppose that in itself is fun, because you think, well, ''How over the top and weak and feeble and pathetic can you be?' It's nice to play a different character. You come to work with a different idea."

"Or no idea at all!" laughs Lisa.

"The Big Finish ones are fun to do – that's the only reason I do them, really. And there is a bit to say. And here comes the noisy Mr Baker!" Colin Baker has just emerged from the studio, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. "Hello, darling! We're doing an interview. Don't worry, you weren't to know ..."

"It's really great," says Sophie Aldred, when I ask her what it's like to work with Bonnie again, "because we get on very well. Whenever I see her, we just click back into friendship. We also have this shared thing now that we both have children. We've been talking about nappies –" Adam offers her a crayon. "Thank you, Adam. She taught me a lot when I first started, because I'd never done any TV before." They first met on *Doctor Who* in 1987. "I'll always be grateful to Bonnie for that. You can tell your readers that I'm colouring in a rocket with my left hand and holding the baby with my right hand and thinking of six things at the same time!" Mightn't her head explode? "Oh no, it's multitasking. You get used to it. You could do hey-diddle-diddle into Ben's microphone," she tells Adam, who promptly does.

In studio, Caroline Morris (who plays Erimem in Big Finish's range of *Doctor Who* audio dramas) is letting out a corker of a scream. Apparently, it's called acting. "No, it can't be like this," says Peter Davison, at his breathless best.

"It is, Townsend," cries India. "Look what you've done!"

"McDonnell, I need your help. McDonnell?"

"He was sucked in seconds ago," says India, letting slip a snigger. "It's just you and me ... versus them!"

"What are they?"

"I don't know," she replies, "but unless you can stop your machine, they're coming through ..."

"Lovely screams everyone," enthuses Gary Russell, who's sat in the control booth and enjoying himself tremendously. "Those screams were just brilliant!"

"We're proper *Doctor Who* companions now," laughs Caroline.

India is still sniggering. "Are we really having 'He was sucked in seconds ago'?" she asks.

Gary Russell: "We certainly are. This has to be played very, very scared. It's panic stations all the way. *Not* giggly stations."

"It became obvious," says Jason Haigh-Ellery, "that if we were going to have so many cameos in *Zagreus*, and I've lost track of how many cameos there are, that we need to release it on three CDs. We've done stuff before – like *Neverland*, for example – which almost became three-CD releases, but we cut them down. It'd be a great shame to cut stuff in this case. We knew from the word go that we'd need three hours plus to fit it all in. And Gary doesn't like the big CD boxes, which the BBC use for their triple-CDs and so forth, and neither do I, to be honest, so he suggested getting a digipak done, which is far more expensive but looks a lot better. *Flip-Flop* was a test, effectively, to see how well that worked from a practical point of view." And it worked practically? "Well, yes."

"The hero has to be unmistakeable," suggests Colin Baker, "but the bad person can be anyone." His voice drops to a whisper. "They might not reveal themselves. You know what I mean?"

"There's just more room there," says Paul McGann, "with a baddie, you know?" Does it ever get a bit dull, then, playing a do-gooder like the Doctor? "I don't know if he *is* a do-gooder – in considering, for example, how he was exiled from his homeland. He has a bit of a record. He's a bit erratic and – what's the word?"

"Eccentric!" offers Peter Davison. "He could be your uncle, who's the black sheep of the family, who all the children love and the parents disapprove of."

"I was going to say 'fractious'. I mean, sure," Paul says, "he's a *force* for good, and he understands that, and he doesn't mind admitting it, but they never call it good. No one ever talks about 'good' and 'bad', or 'good' and 'evil', do they? I mean, there's never quite that, sort of, quasi-religious thing going on. No, it's just power corrupting and fights around the universe."

Peter says: "He's definitely anti-authority in many ways."

"That's why I'm attracted to him," joins in Sylvester, "and I think why other people are as well."

In the green room, Lalla Ward and I are watching the BBCi *Shada* webcast on the internet. Of all the people I could be watching it with, I'm rather glad I'm watching it with her. "Oh gosh! I only have one facial expression," she exclaims, "but I like what I'm wearing. Isn't K9 lovely? That's very clever. I haven't seen this before. I'm enjoying seeing myself as a cartoon." I wonder how she finds working with Paul McGann. "When you've been used to doing it with people on television and the first time you work with someone is on audio, which is a very different way of working," she says, "it is, I think, in a curious way, harder to tell what they're like until you listen to it later. Colin Baker I have met quite a lot at conventions in the States, though, so I've got to know him quite well. And I like working with Paul. It's refreshing to do it with somebody different. It was slightly odd doing *Shada* – playing the same part but with somebody different. But that made it interesting."

What does Lalla think her co-stars think of her? "I hope I'm an easy person to work with. I dare say there are some people who've found otherwise, although I don't know why they should have. I'm trying to think whether I've had any ghastly fall-outs ... I think, on the whole, actors are very good at getting on with each another. Perhaps once or twice one of my co-stars has been more interested in what they're doing than, say, anybody else, but most actors know well that to be any good you depend on everybody else, which makes for good camaraderie. I've loved being dragged back to work with John Leeson (who voices K9 in *Zagreus*) and work with Louise Jameson (who reprises her role as Leela). In many ways, it's much more fun doing these audio plays than it ever was doing it on television. It's less stressful. You can do an awful lot with your voice – without tripping over the furniture." What would she like to see happen to Romana in the future? "I'd like to see lots of reappearances for Romana! I don't really care what happens to her; I just want to come back over and over again."

"Is Paul being regenerated?" frowns Sylvester McCoy, leafing through his script. "Is this the end?"

"Yeah. We decided that's it." Gary Russell grins. "We don't want to do *Doctor Who* anymore. That's it, it's finished now."

"Richard E Grant," persists Sylvester. "Is he not taking over?"

"Richard who?" Gary laughs. "No, doesn't mean anything to me!"

"Yes, well, when people have said to me, 'Who do you think would be a good Doctor?', I've often said Richard E Grant," insists Sylvester. "He may be a touch young, but he's definitely the right kind of eccentric, quirky character. Knowing that people want a younger Doctor, he'll fit the bill really well, won't he?"

"And he's quite well-known in his own right," says Peter Davison, "so I don't think he'll get lost in it – unless he becomes the television Doctor. In that case, it won't swamp *everything* he's doing, but it'll change his life quite dramatically, I should think. He knows what it's like to have the fanbase thing, because of what *Withnail and I* brought him ..."

What advice would they give the new TV Doctor? "I wouldn't presume to give anybody any advice," declares Colin Baker.

"Why should we help him?" grins Paul McGann. "To hell with him!"

In studio, Gary Russell and Lalla Ward are debating whether Romana would use the word 'poppycock'. "You're right, Lalla. It should, of course, be 'affirmative'. But you did enjoy 'poppycock', didn't you?"

"I loved poppycock!"

"Let's keep it, then. Maybe you could just –"

"A bit more 'poppy' and bit less 'cock'?"

Gary Russell sighs. "It's going to be one of those days, isn't it?"

"I haven't even ravished the universe yet," bemoans Paul McGann.

"I've got two hearts," Lalla boasts. "I don't need to ravish anything!"

Is Gary a good director? "A total disaster," states Lalla Ward. "An absolute nightmare to work with. I can't stand the man. Never want to see him again. Hah – that's your pull-out quote! No, seriously? He's done such a lot of these, he knows far more about it than I do, and when I haven't the foggiest idea what's going on and I ask, if he doesn't really know, well, he's very good at bluffing." What makes a good director, then? "One that gives me the part in the first place," she laughs, "and someone who's on the same wavelength as you are, if he's medium clever. If he's very, very clever, it doesn't matter at all what your wavelength is, because you listen to his good ideas." Is there anything that a *Doctor Who* director specifically needs? "Yeah, he needs to be able to explain the story to me! And just about everybody else, it seems ..."

> "GARY RUSSELL IS AN UTTER DISASTER. CAN'T STAND THE MAN. HA HA! THERE'S YOUR PULL-OUT QUOTE!"
>
> **LALLA WARD** TEASES HER DIRECTOR

Don Warrington (who reprises his role as Rassilon from *Neverland*) doesn't walk into the green room. He *floats*. "I think if we knew that, we wouldn't be here," he smiles, when I ask him the secret of *Doctor Who*'s success. "Nobody knows. It's chemistry, it's the time, it's who's in it and so on and so forth." Gosh, Don Warrington has a *lovely* voice.

"It's a mixture of many things," agrees Peter Davison.

"I suppose it's like a fire – it builds and builds and builds. Quite what the qualities are, I don't know."

Does Don like audio work? "I find it quite difficult," he confesses, "because the energy it requires is enormous. In the end, people are just listening and you have to create something to fire off their imagination. It's hard. If you can do it well, it's a real skill, but if you can't ..."

"Actually, when I go to conventions, people have only ever said good things about these audio plays," Peter says. "Everyone seems to really enjoy them – and that's great, because it's been a whole new lease of life for the show. The opportunities on CD are even greater than TV."

"You have to do things that challenge you," says Don. "You don't want to go on repeating yourself. You look for a variety of parts to play. I mean, I quite enjoy playing Americans – I find that interesting, because of their different body language, different energy. You're starting from scratch with every new job. You hope that what you know and what you've been doing over the years kicks in and helps you."

"In fact, the advice I would give to the new Doctor about tackling *Doctor Who*," says Colin Baker, for whom the question has clearly been playing on his mind, "is to do what *you* want to do. Ignore any advice you're given." Especially from previous Doctors? "Exactly, yes! Anything that I might say or Peter might say or Sylv might say isn't going to help. He has to do it himself."

"It's not for me," Sylvester nods, "to give advice to someone like Richard E ... what's his name?" He grins mischieviously. "I'm not laying down my marker to play him again on TV, but I do want to underline the fact that the Doctor should be *older*. I think that's what attracted me to Pat Troughton. I don't think he should be young and handsome and fit."

"Am I not young and fit?" exclaims Peter.

"Well, you know what I mean. There are enough superheroes like that."

"He's wiser and older," Peter concedes, "which makes him much more interesting than Superman or whoever. I'm at the age now that I should have been back when I played him on television, I think."

"When we did *Death Comes to Time*," Sylvester continues, "with Dan Freedman as producer, director and writer and everything else, the idea was that Stephen Fry was going to be the Doctor – well, the sort of Doctor – if it went to a TV series. Dan wanted to be much more dramatic and kick-start a whole new thing, rather than just the continuation of *Doctor Who*. That didn't work. I think the Beeb lost their bottle with science fiction." And now they've found it again? "Yeah, because a lot of fans, like Russell ... what's his name? ... are in positions of power within the industry. It was always only a matter of time before one of them brought it back. I'm optimistic that the new TV series will be successful."

"I only play the one character, Miss Foster," says Sarah Sutton, who isn't playing Nyssa at all, it seems. "She's quite a well-to-do captain ... hmm, is she a captain? Actually, I'm not sure. I wasn't given the whole script." Sarah's daughter is sitting in the green room, engrossed in a book. I wonder what she makes of her mother playing Nyssa. "Not a lot, really. She's not particularly interested. She's much more in her own world, really. She doesn't watch any of my stories on DVD or anything. She's really laid back about the whole thing." Doesn't she want to enter the acting profession? "I'd be surprised if she did. She doesn't take after me in that way. She's a lot more like her dad; a bit brighter than I am! She's into science, good at maths ... Hah, hah. She's not like me at all."

"I've met many a scientist," says Sylvester McCoy, a crayon in one hand and a script in the other, "who's come up to me and said, 'It's because of you, Doctor Who, that I'm a scientist.' People say it all the time ... even in America. It's because of *Doctor Who* – because of my Doctor or someone else's Doctor. They want to be Doctor Who themselves. Some of them must be earning a fortune and, most likely, changing the world in a quiet – and hopefully positive – way.

"There's a jokey rivalry. Yeah, of course there is," says Peter Davison, when asked about working with the other three Doctors. "It's like any actor with another actor, really. When we meet up, it's not for real. And we do put it on a bit."

Colin Baker says: "And there's probably an underlying rivalry that we don't acknowledge – you know, that he has *that* script and I don't ...

"A shorthand between any group of people that work together is to be rude," continues Peter.

"It's a very British phenomenon that. You insult your workmates," says Colin, "and that means you like them! The people you don't insult and have a go at are the ones that you actually don't like, so you don't want to get involved in anything with them. Of course we have a go at each other and take the mick. We're all terribly disrespectful!"

"If they don't turn out to be pretty boys, I don't know who will," says India Fisher, eying a picture of Brooklyn and Romeo Beckham in the current issue of *Heat* magazine. "And my God, what has he done to his hair?" (It's a picture of David Beckham.) "He looks like a girl!"

"He should grow a beard," muses Nicholas Courtney, "like mine."

"I'm not sure he has it in him!" India Fisher explodes with laughter.

"I like Nick's beard," says Maggie Stables. "I think it suits him."

"It suits *me*," he says to Maggie, "but I really don't think it'd suit you!"

I am sat in the control booth with the director and Sophie's son, Adam. Sophie is in studio with her baby, a microphone and Sylvester McCoy: "Hello! I don't remember designing you, my fairy friend!"

Gary Russell: "That's wonderful, Sylvester. Let's end the scene there."

I ask Adam what he makes of his mother portraying a duck? "She's not really a duck, is she?" He looks worried. Have I scared him? Erm – can Adam do a duck? "Quack, quack," he deadpans. Kids these days ...

"Can we go for another take?" requests Gary. "And Sylvester, be careful you don't get your winkies and your winkles mixed up ..."

"Yes, where's my winky? I'm confused!"

"You can be quite excitable in this scene, Sylvester. I just want it played like you, really," says Gary with a chuckle.

"I feel very, very old," laments Nicola Bryant, when I ask her how she feels about the 40th anniversary. "I'm thrilled that Big Finish is doing this play, even though I don't entirely get it. And it's nice to see everyone again. I'm not sure who's doing what. It's all very complicated, isn't it?"

"I've only read a tiny little slice," admits Caroline Morris, "which is all I've been given – just the bit that the character I'm playing is in. I don't have a clue what's going on."

"Neither do I. I'm not sure we're supposed to!"

"I'm sort of winging it a bit. I'm playing the niece of, erm ..."

> "I LIKE THE DOCTOR. HE WEARS HIS BACKGROUND AND SOLITUDE SOMETIMES."
>
> **PAUL McGANN** GETS MEANINGFUL

"Reverend Townsend?" offers Nicola Bryant.

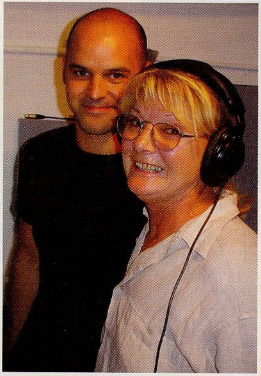
"He's played by Peter Davison," confirms Caroline. "She's an orphan, and she gets tea for people ... Hah! It's a nice change from playing Erimem, actually. And I'm spending more time with Nicola, because Peter's always in and out."

"He has such limited time in studio," says Nicola, "so it's very intense."

"Peter and Nicola have a good rapport, because they've been working together for such a long time, so they're always making jokes in studio. Nicola's a doll. Really friendly and supportive. You have to have a rapport or the performances won't be as strong."

"Actually," says Nicola Bryant, scanning through her next scene, "this makes a lot more sense than the last scene I was doing ..."

"It isn't supposed to make sense," cries Gary Russell, poking his head out of the studio door. "The only bits that make sense are the bits that Alan Barnes wrote. All of my bits make no sense at all!"



Colin Baker says this: "I mean, *Zagreus* – it's so labyrinthine and so clever and, even though there are bits that I don't understand, I know that I will understand them when I listen to it. It deals with huge issues about the nature of Time Lords and their history and their future – entirely appropriate for a 40th anniversary."

"It's very weird," says Paul. "That's nice. It's good when it's weird."

"It's quite a milestone," says Peter Davison. "I see no reason why it shouldn't just go on and on. I think it's rather nice. I can't think of many shows that have reached that milestone. And like anyone else, I want to know what happens next ... or before ... or alternatively ... or as well. It fills in a lot of gaps."

So, *Zagreus* is Big Finish's 50th regular release. "That's quite an achievement," says Jason Haigh-Ellery, with just a hint of satisfaction, "and now our licence has been extended for another four years effectively, which will mean that we'll probably end up reaching 100, which is fantastic in anyone's book. I mean, we've built up interest in the series – for example, the last McGann season: there was more interest in that than anything since ... well, probably since the TV Movie. People were excited about what the consequences could be for the Doctor and Charley." And we'll find out in *Zagreus*? "Of course! Well, maybe. Sort of ... "

C'mon, be honest – how confident were Big Finish *really* that their licence would be renewed? "Oh, very confident. We actually agreed about five months ago that we'd have another extension. We were aware of the television series a little while ago, but we were informed very early on that it wouldn't have any effect on what we were doing. In fact, we hope to compliment it." What will the TV series mean for Big Finish, then? "Until we see what Russell T Davies is going to do with it, it's a little bit difficult to comment," Jason admits, "but it'd be great if we could work with the current Doctor as well – the one that's cast in the television series. But there's no guarantee. In the meantime, we have Paul McGann as our current Doctor ..." And who's to say that Paul won't be the TV Doctor? "At the moment, there are a lot of names being thrown about, but no one knows for certain – not even Russell!

"If he wants my two-penny's worth, it'd be nice, considering how well Paul has done in our Eighth Doctor audio stories, and considering, for example, the results of this year's **DWM** poll, to see Paul continue the role on television. I think he's got a lot left to give."

The final word, then, to the man himself. The Doctor. Or Zagreus. Or a bit of both. "I like the Doctor," concludes Paul. "He wears his background, and he wears his solitude sometimes. He's a little bit, for some people, hard to get to know, and definitely, for others, hard to get to like. There are the complexities there that we come across daily. But there is, of course, the hero aspect of him – from time to time. He's the white knight. It goes in and out – he can be very, very good and very, very bad. I'd hate it if he were always the sword of truth and justice – a cleansing agent. It'd be boring. It'd just be boring. It'd be Borax, in fact, folks!

"It'll be interesting to see what happens next ..."

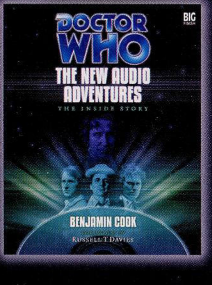
BIG FINISH
DOCTOR WHO 40 1963-2003

ZAGREUS

The 40th Anniversary audio drama

Starring Peter Davison, Colin Baker, Sylvester McCoy and Paul McGann

Released November 2003. Triple CD



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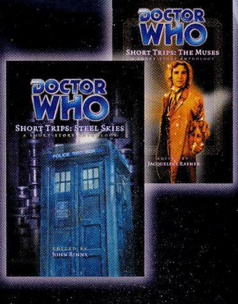

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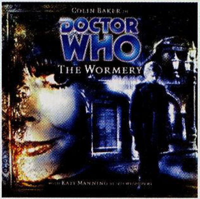
COMING **UP...**

THE WORMERY

AN AUDIO DRAMA BY **STEPHEN COLE** AND **PAUL MAGRS** PREVIEW BY **MARK WYMAN**



RELEASED NOVEMBER 2003
Featuring The Sixth Doctor
Enemies Some nematodal lifeforms
Setting Bianca's cabaret, 1930s Berlin, and surrounding areas
You'll like this if you like.... Iris Wildthyme, *Cabaret*, pre-war Marlene Deitrich films, tequila
Listen out for Bianca's replacement
Recorded 1st & 2nd November 2002

The Doctor Colin Baker
Iris Wildthyme Katy Manning
Bianca Maria McErlane
Henry Paul Clayton
Mickey Jane McFarlane
Allis & Ballis James Campbell
Sturmer Mark Donovan
Barman Ian Brooker

Sound Design Ian Potter
Music Jason Loborik
Director Gary Russell

Bianca's: of all the gin-joints on all the planets in all the universe, the Doctor has to walk into that one. Except gin is not the house special at Bianca's – nor is this a bar in wartime Casablanca run by Bogart. The nightclub run by the legendary hostess Bianca is no ordinary place, even for 1930s Berlin. And when that extraordinary time-traveller Iris Wildthyme arrives, the Doctor knows he's not in for a quiet night ...

The Wormery was written jointly by Paul Magrs, Iris Wildthyme's creator, and Stephen Cole, who wrote the lady's second Big Finish audio, *The Plague Herds of Excelis* (Magrs had written the first). Returning as Iris is Katy Manning, who this time has Colin Baker's Sixth Doctor as her drinking companion. Both authors have written individually for Iris on audio prior to this story. How did they come to be doing a joint story featuring her now? "We've wanted to write something together for ages," says Magrs. "We laughed a lot, and Steve has got a knack for pointing out when I've left massive plotholes. I *like* massive holes in plots. Steve points out that other people aren't always that keen."

> "IRIS CLEARLY MAKES THE DOCTOR'S LIFE UNCOMFORTABLE, SO KATY IS WELL CAST!"
>
> Colin Baker on the guest star for **The Wormery**

"I stop all Paul's fun!" offers Cole in response. "It was brilliant fun writing *The Wormery* together. We wrote it like a relay race, passing it back and forth as we worked through the episode in order."

Did the writers always conceive this as a 'post-*Trial* Sixth Doctor meets Iris' story? "Just post-*Trial* seemed right," confirms Magrs. "She's heard the whispers of what they put him through, and the thought of the Valeyard probably gives her the raging horn."

"Being set just after the Doctor's trial is quite important to the plot," adds Cole. "It makes him more vulnerable – and I think he and Iris work well together." What state of mind is the Doctor in when he arrives at Bianca's? "He's worlds-weary and in need of escape," explains Cole, "but he chooses a bad place to visit!"

When did they first find out that Katy Manning would be playing Iris? "The *Excelis* plays were both written before she was cast," recalls Magrs. "She's not exactly the Iris from the books, but I hope Katy gets to do lots more – she's great. The Doctor gets to hold a gun at her head this time ..." he teases.

What was their starting-point for *The Wormery*? "We sat in my front room for a weekend and made up ideas," says Magrs. "It was quite daunting, actually," Cole adds, "writing the bare bones of a plot. First off it was called 'The Devil is a Woman' ... I think we were each trying to push stuff further out there, but the scary thing was it just kept on making more and more sense!"

The Wormery was recorded before this year's musical *Doctor Who and the Pirates*. Did Gary Russell commission them with the cabaret background included, or did they encounter reluctance about this? "Gary was concerned at the idea," recalls Cole, "but we argued that a cabaret has to have songs floating about in the background. It's not a full-on *Doctor Who* musical – only one number needed to be actually sung by members of the cast. I scribbled out the lyrics for Katy but she said, 'No, I can't read that,' so I dictated them and she scrawled a series of incomprehensible squiggles. Suddenly she was word perfect!"

The Wormery was recorded about 25 years after Colin Baker and Katy Manning first worked together. "We worked together in 1977 or '78," recalls Baker. "The play was *Odd Man In*, with Lionel Blair as the cuckoo in the nest ..."

"We were playing husband and wife," adds Manning, "and Colin came on too early once, and Lionel and I looked at each other until Colin ad-libbed 'I'll go back into the garden and ... chase the aardvark.' I couldn't speak, because of this instant vision of Colin running around an English country garden with this aardvark ..."

"Iris Wildthyme is a character I haven't encountered before, but I hear other Doctors have. She clearly makes the Doctor's life uncomfortable – so Katy is very well cast ..." Baker teases. "Yes, Peter Davison is still recovering, and not off the medication yet!" warns Manning gleefully.

Setting the scene for *The Wormery* a little, Baker says, "The Doctor hasn't met Mel for real yet, nor Evelyn – and he's still reeling from the unpleasant taste the trial left in his mouth. So the Doctor is vulnerable, and there are agencies afoot to befuddle him further ..."

How would Manning describe Iris? "As one of those wonderful women who are all rough and tough on the outside, but beneath her full-length leopard-skin coat there's a little heart of gold, beating. She's really a wacky old bat, but she ain't stupid. She just loves the Doctor – any Doctor! – and much as I'd loved working with Peter, my little heart really wanted to do one with Colin."

With *The Wormery* scheduled for the 40th anniversary month, we asked for thoughts on this milestone. "We're all entitled to feel a little privileged to have taken part in something which has meant an awful lot to many people," marvels Baker. "We just had a wonderful time," adds Manning, "and to have had that little moment in something as obviously glorious as this – It's just truly gorgeous!" DWM

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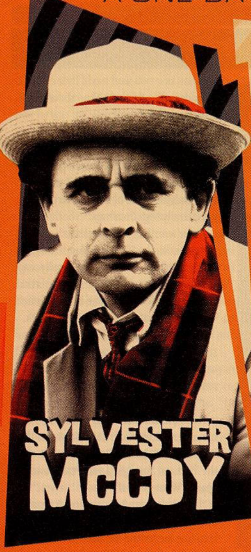

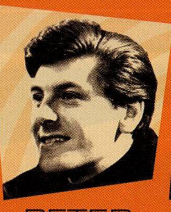

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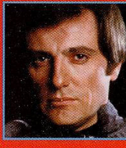

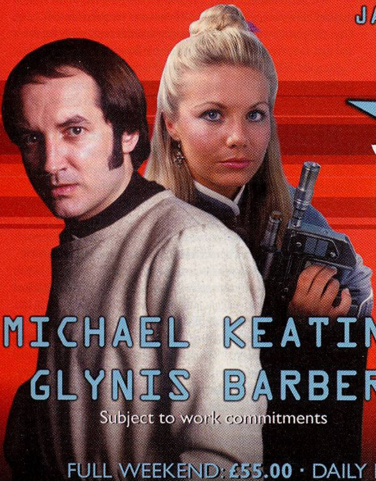

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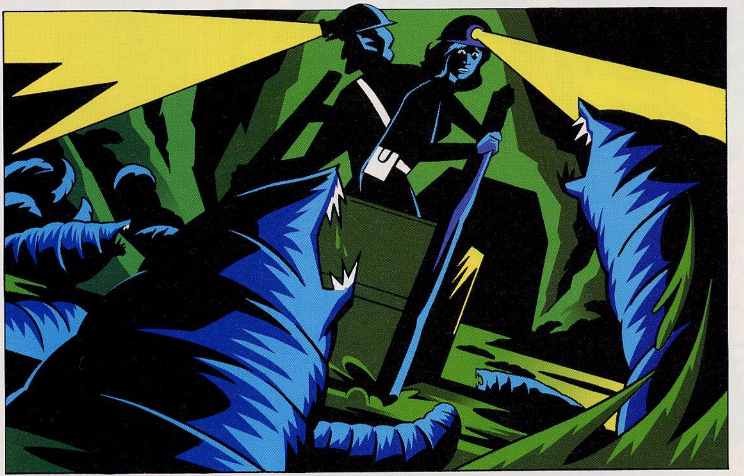


EPISODE 350 TO EPISODE 357

CLICHÉ COUNTER

Deaths on screen so far

00536

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00091

One or more regulars incarcerated

00162

Somewhere underground, an old man is looking scared. As he examines his hand, we see that it is glowing a sickly shade of green. That'll be *The Green Death* then. It's like the Black Death, we may suppose, only with less magenta.

"I love the way the very first scene shows the 'green death', and jumps right into the heart of the adventure," says Richard, as the Time Team settle down to enjoy the first episode.

"It's a great hook, isn't it?" agrees Peter. "And his glowing skin is a remarkably convincing special effect."

Up on the surface we meet a businessman called Stevens. Whenever he stops to think, his moustache twitches and rolls with a life of its own. Stevens is the head of the Global Chemicals factory in Llanfairfach, Wales, and he's promising new wealth to a gang of out-of-work miners, thanks to his company's new technologies. These pledges are being met with scorn by one Professor Jones and his gang. The hippy-ish Jones tosses his shoulder-length hair as Stevens slowly rotates his moustache. It's like a showdown between Dougal and Zebedee.

Back at UNIT HQ the Doctor is – as has become a habit – planning a trip to Metebelis III. Jo has other ideas. She's heard of Professor Jones and his battle with Global Chemicals, and is all set to race to his aid.

"It's very interesting to spot the seeds of discord being sown here," says Clay. "The Doctor's pleasure jaunt to Metebelis III is made to seem childish and irresponsible, and it's Jo who's making the mature choice to go to Wales and see what's going on."

"And what a brilliant opening line from the Brigadier," chuckles Richard. '"This fellow's bright green, apparently, and dead!' It seems to sum up the Pertwee/UNIT era so well."

The bright-green-and-dead miner has drawn attention to Global Chemicals, and the Brig has been ordered to assist in the investigation. Jo hitches a lift to Wales with him, determined to sign up to Jones' crusade to save the Earth. The Doctor flounces off to the Acteon Galaxy.

"It's one of the strangest openings ever," says Jac. "The Doctor is off having comedy disasters while the story carries on without him."

Jo meets up with Cliff Jones and his beautifully-conditioned hair, while the Brigadier visits Stevens to compare moustaches. Global Chemicals has found a new way to refine crude oil, producing more fuel in the process. It's miraculous, claims Stevens. It's impossible, insists Jones.

"I really like the way those two conversations are intercut," notes Richard. "Discussing the same issue from two different standpoints."

"It's rather good how everything is presented as fairly straightforward," says Jac. "And then Stevens has his little moment of weirdness. You think – aha! – something else is going on here!"

"The idea that UNIT has instructions to protect the villains is really interesting," adds Clay. "It's the first script since *The Dæmons* to give them an integral role, and everybody seems to be back on form here – especially Nick Courtney."

After wrestling with stock footage on Metebelis III, the Doctor has returned to Earth, clutching a blue crystal. Finally ready to join the A-plot, his first insistence is that no-one goes down the mine in Llanfairfach.

Jo goes down the mine in Llanfairfach.

As we reach Episode Two, Jo is seemingly plummeting to her death in an out-of-control mine lift – the result of sabotage ordered by Stevens.

"The resolution to this cliffhanger is excellent," smiles Richard. "There's no easy, cop-out solution. The Doctor and the Brigadier have to use their strength to slow the lift down amongst a very real shower of sparks. What heroes!"

Jo and a miner, Bert, are now trapped underground. The only way to reach them is to free the second lift, and for that the Doctor needs some cutting equipment.

"It's suddenly really low-key," says Clay. "A drama about a desperate attempt to find cutting equipment! But it works, because it's in such stark contrast to most of the stories we've seen recently – with the Doctor facing a realistic, practical problem."

The Doctor heads to Global Chemicals in his search for something suitably oxyacetylene. Here he runs into Stevens and his heavies. "Hi," says Stevens. "Hai!" replies the Doctor.

"Wow!" enthuses Peter. "This new Venusian Aikido of the Doctor's is even more effective than the old Venusian Karate!"

"This set-up reminds me very much of *The Invasion*," say Jac. "What with the company manager, his obliging henchman and his unseen 'Boss'. I think the Cybermen will turn out to be behind it all."

Down the mine, Bert finds some sickly green slime. Given recent events, you'd assume he'd back away. Instead, he sticks his fingers in it.

"Now Bert's infected, there's suddenly a real eerieness to the episode that has been missing from *Doctor Who* for some considerable time," says Clay. "Maybe it's the *Quatermass*-y feeling that this could really happen – and that nice, everyday people are in terrible danger?"

Jac nods. "That's exactly it," she says. "In the last story, Thals and Spiridons were sacrificing themselves all over the place, and I didn't care. I care that Bert might be about to die, though. This is one of the better episodes for a while."

After an episode-long search for cutting gear, the good old Brig finds some round the back of a local garage, where he probably stopped for a crafty fag. Joining Jo down the mine, the Doctor discovers that the Green Death itself is the least of their problems. For this story, ladies and gentlemen, is The One With The Maggots. They should try that as an episode title on *Friends*.

"Oh, yuk!" groans Peter, as we see a pond of giant writhing worms. "And this went out at tea time?" Indeed it did. Let's hope no-one in the audience was eating spaghetti in pesto sauce.

"It's horrid, isn't it?" agrees Clay. "Admittedly, the real maggots look a bit silly, but the giant maggot props look totally disgusting."

The Doctor and Jo eventually find their way back to the 'Nuthutch' commune, where they join the Professor and the Brigadier for a dinner of mushroom-based protein. It seems that Cliff won his Nobel Prize for inventing Quorn. The conversation covers all those familiar dinner party standbys: the fungus of the Amazon, poisonous slime, perigosto sticks ...

"This is one of my favourite scenes so far in the series," says Richard, rather grandly. "In the midst of all the problems, it's lovely to see the characters relax and enjoy one another's company. The dialogue flows so naturally and realistically."

"And the Doctor really seems to show genuine compassion about Bert's death, which is unusual and very welcome," adds Jac. "Cliff's speech about Bert is absolutely lovely."

Compiled by
GARY GILLATT
Illustrations by
ADRIAN SALMON

CLAY

JAC

PETER

RICHARD

"Oh no!" moans Clay. "You're a sucker for this sentimental mush. All of Cliff's stuff about how Bert was unique, how there'll never be another Bert – not if the Earth survives for a hundred thousand centuries – and how he was the Welshiest Welshman he ever did see ... It's drivel!"

Jac purses her lips. "You've got no heart," she says. "Cliff's lovely."

Jo certainly thinks he's a fungi to be with. She stays up late in the hope of a glimpse of Cliff's special mushroom, but the Doctor's having none of it. "What a lovely moment," continues Jac. "The Doctor's jealous sabotage of Cliff and Jo's evening makes him seem very human."

By Episode Four, the maggots are creating mayhem. Their biology, however, leaves Richard puzzled: "I don't really understand why the maggots should be exuding green slime everywhere," he says. "The 'green death' of the title is surely the deadly oil waste that Global Chemicals is secretly pumping down the mine. Why should the maggots be leaking and injecting people with the same substance?

"Who knows what motivates maggots?" ponders Peter, steepling his fingers as if he's just made some profound philosophical observation. Clay throws a cushion at him.

Meanwhile, the Doctor has found his way into Global Chemicals, disguised first as a milkman and then as a cleaning lady. Jac is appalled.

"Yes, I know it's great fun," she begins, "but I just can't believe that this dignified Doctor would behave like that. Troughton, maybe, but not this one. As the cleaning lady, he's obviously trying to hide his face, but he's still put on lipstick! And then he bizarrely gets rid of his disguise to wander around the building."

"Stevens' 'Boss' is a computer!" shouts Richard. Everyone looks at him blankly. "You don't care? That's my point! Today, that revelation isn't all that exciting or original. I wonder what the reaction was 30 years ago?"

"I'm sure it would have been a surprise," says Peter. "All the clues – the voice, the arrogance, everything going wrong – point to the Master being Global Chemicals' boss."

"Peter's right," adds Jac. "Apart from *Day of the Daleks*, this is the first Earth-based story without the Master since *Inferno*. I'm sure his non-appearance would have been a complete surprise at the time!"

Maggots are appearing all over the local slag heap, so UNIT launches a counter attack. "Considering the number of maggots there seems to be, flying a small helicopter over the site and dropping tiny bombs on them hardly seems to be an effective military strategy."

"OH – BOSS IS A COMPUTER! HO HUM ..."

"Episode Five feels like it's slowly creeping out of control," says Clay. "Like the story is losing focus and running out of money – those awful CSO bits which don't match with the location filming for instance. Plus, it seems very silly to reveal a computer as the main villain in a story which seemed to be about human greed. Still, it's fun to watch."

"BOSS says he wants to be illogical and free-thinking," begins Jac. "So why does it let the Doctor's logic problems worry it?"

"That logic puzzle thing is so rubbish isn't it?" sighs Clay. "Surely it was rubbish even then? They did it in *The Prisoner* years before."

As we speed towards the final episode, the Doctor uses his Metebelis crystal to free the victims of BOSS' mental control.

"All the solutions are very serendipitous – if I can steal Cliff's phrase," says Jac. "The fungus just happens to kill the maggots. The blue crystal the Doctor picked up on his unrelated journey just happens to be able to break BOSS's power ..."

In the nature of these things, BOSS is destroyed by an act of self-sacrifice. It's Stevens – perhaps under guidance from that freedom-loving moustache – who saves the day.

"Stevens' renunciation of the computer, declaring that there must be a better way as he condemns himself to death, is surprisingly moving," says Clay. "The direction is outstanding, and manages to provide a real climax to the story – something the script singularly fails to do."

"I've loved the story," says Jac, "but I'm left a little unsatisfied. How was BOSS created? Did Global Chemicals build a sentient computer? If so, then aren't they the real villains? What's to stop them doing it again?"

"It is lame that all the stuff with the maggots was just coincidence," adds Peter. "BOSS barely even seemed to know about it, let alone care."

Back at the Nuthutch, Jo has an announcement. She's going to marry Professor Jones and go to South America to look for toadstools.

"Finally, Cliff gets what King Peladon, Latep and – apparently – Mike Yates dreamed of," laughs Clay. "And the best man won, I must say!"

"It's a superb leaving scene," comments Peter. "And Katy Manning does it such justice by completely underplaying the whole thing – keeping it affectionate, quiet and very genuine."

"Shall we gloss over the Doctor's drink-driving?" grins Clay.

"Actually," says Jac, looking at her feet. "I have something of announcement too. I'm happy to say that I'm getting married myself ..."

Clay and Peter whoop with delight. Richard looks crestfallen. "Who's the lucky man?" asks Peter. "And will he be taking you up the Amazon?"

Jac fixes Peter with a steely glare. "He's called Nick. And there's no need to be cheeky."

Much celebration follows, of course, but the business of the Time Team cannot be delayed. Jac may indeed be getting a husband, but *Doctor Who* has a new title sequence.

It's fantastic," says Peter, "even by today's standards. Seeing the TARDIS suggests more stories in space and time are planned."

"But doesn't Pertwee look stunted?" frowns Clay. "I think they cut his legs too short. He looks like Ronnie Corbett."

It's Part One of *The Time Warrior*, and in medieval England, a warlord called Bloodaxe is making the acquaintance of an alien, a Sontaran called Linx, who's crashed and needs help to repair his ship.

"Hurrah! It's a historical setting!" cheers Jac. "We haven't had one of those for years and years."

Back in the present day, the Doctor has been asked by the Brig to explain why top scientists are disappearing into thin air. Matters are complicated, however, by a busybody journalist who's had a sniff of the mystery herself. Meet Sarah Jane Smith (Ms) ...

"The Brigadier's security is appalling," says Jac. "He's let this Smith woman walk straight in. Presumably he didn't ask for photo ID. And it's a strange bit of story structuring, too. It's presented as The Mystery of the Disappearing Scientists, but the viewers already know the solution."

"It's a shame Sarah is required to be so suspicious," says Clay. "It would work if she were sparring off a really arrogant Doctor ... but just for once Pertwee is in an extremely benign mood!"

As the Doctor tracks the scientists back to Irongron's time, Ms Smith secretly joins him. She doesn't seem very impressed by the experience.

"What is it about the TARDIS that means people won't believe they've travelled in time, but are quite happy to accept they've travelled in space?" wonders Peter. "Ben and Polly were the same."

When the Doctor arrives at Irongron's castle, he witnesses Linx remove his helmet for the first time – in a "What? Is it the cliffhanger already?" kind of a way.

"That is a sensationally good monster," coos Peter. "It certainly stands the test of time." Clay is ready with the superlative: "It's simply the best monster *ever*," he says. "No contest."

Otherwise, all eyes are on Ms Smith. "Her distrust of the Doctor seems to be entirely reasonable, given the circumstances," observes Richard.

"I dunno," says Clay. "Her conviction that the Doctor is a baddie is rather annoying. I wish they'd teamed up properly from the start."

"I never thought I'd say this, but even Jo had better fashion sense," laughs Jac. "What is that trouser suit she's wearing?"

"She's certainly a game girl," adds Peter. "And I note that her thorax is of a different construction from Jo Grant's."

As their final episode of the day meanders to its conclusion, the Time Team seem in good spirits.

"I'm really enjoying this story," says Peter. "It's bouncing along with the perfect mix of adventure and humour. And we're back in history again – that seems a nice way to celebrate our halfway mark."

"What do you mean?" asks Jac.

"Well, we're now just past halfway through *Doctor Who*," explains Peter. "Actually it was last month – but I forgot to mention it!"

Richard smiles. "That's only true if they don't make any more before we get to the end."

"Oh, but wouldn't it be brilliant if they did?" grins Clay.

Wouldn't it just.

AND YOU SAID...

THE GREEN DEATH

"The calendar in the Global Chemicals gatehouse shows it to be a Leap Year, so it has to be 1972 or 2000. So much for UNIT stories being in the 1980s!"
Jon Preddle, New Zealand

"When the Doctor gets to Metebelis 3, ten years into the series – surely that's the first time he's *ever* made the TARDIS land where he wants without any trickery, stolen circuits or suchlike."
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

"BOSS can clearly be seen to be playing that 'snake' computer game – the one where you are supposed to guide the snake to the food and make it grow. BOSS isn't very good – his snake only ever gets up to three blobs long."
Richard Flowers, E-Mail

"I love how the Doctor gets unusually happy once he meets BOSS, like he knows it'll be an easy win now it's just another mad computer as the villain."
Steven Manfred, Wisconsin USA

"Jo's departure is very reminiscent of Mrs Peel leaving *The Avengers*; just as Peter Peel returns and a glimpse from behind makes him obviously identical to Steed as Emma goes off with him, here Jo leaves but she is, of course, actually marrying the Doctor. Sort of."
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

THE TIME WARRIOR

"We see UNIT's security abilities at their usual level. Nobody is suspicious that 'Lavinia' Smith is only25!"
Jim Welke, USA

"Sarah's introduction is a standout. Your reaction is 'Great, a new companion' not 'Oh no I don't think I'll like her.'"
Ian Barnes, Watford

"It's no wonder Sarah thinks the castle is a tourist attraction, especially since the castle stone walls are clearly flats with rocks painted on them!"
Jon Preddle, New Zealand

"The dialogue is stunning throughout, with everyone sketched in beautifully from one-offs like the dismissive Lady Eleanor to the Brig's long-suffering 'That is not exactly news to me.'"
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

In **DWM** 339 the Time Team will be running low on power in **Death to the Daleks** before meeting some old friends in the first four parts of **The Monster of Peladon**. Comments? Let us know at the usual address, or e-mail us at **dwm@panini.co.uk** (marked 'Time Team') by 5/12/03.

THIRD MEN

It was in the late 1960s that a young **Barry Letts** took over as **Doctor Who**'s producer, soon joined by **Terrance Dicks** as his script editor. Now the twosome have joined forces once more for a new novel. **David Darlington** discovers how the two have found it difficult to leave the Doctor behind ...

"I was in Hampstead High Street the other day," muses Terrance Dicks over a pint of Stella, "and a bloke rushed up to me, and breathlessly said 'I've always wanted to meet you!' It was Jon Culshaw from *Dead Ringers*. There aren't many people whose fans are celebrities! And *Dead Ringers* does Tom better than Tom does these days ..."

The reason I'm enjoying a beer with Terrance – and his erstwhile and resurgent colleague, Barry Letts – is not just because they have a new *Doctor Who* book to promote. Between the two of them, they have been responsible for a substantial chunk of *Doctor Who* over the last forty years. And for once, we're not talking about the bulk of the Pertwee era – these guys have written novels, audio plays, stage plays, and even catalogues of the Doctor's meeting with different types of dinosaurs, since they first thought they had put *Doctor Who* behind them nearly thirty years ago ...

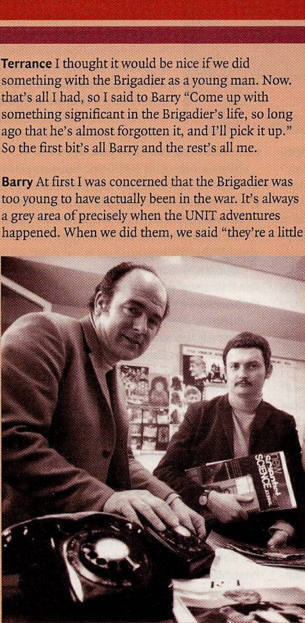
Despite the fact that you worked together for five years, it appears that the 40th anniversary novel *Deadly Reunion* marks the first occasion that you have actually written *Doctor Who* together...

Terrance Dicks Well, we didn't actually write it together – Justin [Richards, range consultant] said he would like me to do a *Doctor Who* book for the anniversary and that he would like Barry involved. The first thought was that Barry should do a preface, but then I thought that was a bit mean! Eventually I came up with the idea that Barry should do a very long preface, which is a third of the book.

Barry Letts It's more like a prologue, in that the Doctor doesn't actually appear in it.

Terrance I thought it would be nice if we did something with the Brigadier as a young man. Now. that's all I had, so I said to Barry "Come up with something significant in the Brigadier's life, so long ago that he's almost forgotten it, and I'll pick it up." So the first bit's all Barry and the rest's all me.

Barry At first I was concerned that the Brigadier was too young to have actually been in the war. It's always a grey area of precisely when the UNIT adventures happened. When we did them, we said "they're a little into the future, but only a little bit, so we can use ordinary cars and ordinary fashions and so on ..."



Answer it! It could be Justin Richards with a job offer ...

Terrance Though there was a British rocket to Mars!

Barry But the simplest way, looking back, is to say that things happened in the year they went out. So we can assume the Brigadier was with UNIT from 1970 to 1974, and so he was the same age as me, he would have done the same things in the war as I did – and I was in Greece, minesweeping. So I looked for a story based around that, set in the Greek Islands. And we've come up with Greek gods who aren't really Greek gods. Terrance thought this would fit very nicely with other books of his, *Players* and so on.

Is it, then, the first time you've both worked as writers on the same project?

Barry The only time we ever collaborated as such, was the first episode of *Moonbase 3*. And funnily enough, that worked out much the same way as *Deadly Reunion*.

Terrance Yes, we wrote different bits, didn't we? We've never actually done what I did with Mac Hulke on *The War Games*, which was to write in the same room at the same time. I don't think we could do it, our temperaments are too different!

Barry There are no Indians, just two chiefs...

Going back in time a bit, you've both been quite involved in DVD reissues of your old work ...

Terrance People have said, "were you aware that you were making classic television" – those that think it is classic television! And I always say "we were trying to make sure they didn't have to put the test card on screen at six o'clock on Saturday night!" You just wanted to get the bloody show out. Of course you're trying to make it good, but the main thing you're trying to do is get it done.

Barry And you're dealing with deadlines all the time.

So was *Doctor Who* more difficult to make than most television, then? Was it all about screaming your head off to get it made in the nick of time?

Barry We mustn't let you think that that was all that happened – that certainly happened with some previous script editors and producers who shall be nameless. But we did a lot of pre-planning, admittedly much of it over a glass of wine. We talked a lot about what *Doctor Who* was about. That's when we came up with the notion that what we wanted was variation, to get away from all UNIT stories which did have a rather samey look about them.

Barry Letts (right as Lord Nelson) in his acting days in the 1955 children's television play **The Nelson Touch**

Terrance Although I think there are some very good UNIT stories, I never really liked the UNIT set-up – it was devised by Bryant and Sherwin as a money-saving venture. Having devised it, they buggered off to Paul Temple and left us to sort it out! Mac Hulke said "you've got two stories – alien invasion and mad scientist," and it's true! We strove very hard to get away from that – we had already had a letter in from some bloke, complaining that *The Invasion* was clearly stolen from his unpublished science fiction novel, "because in my novel, aliens invade the Earth ..." Well, of course they bloody do!

Barry What else are they going to do? But when it came to the actual job of writing it, some people – again, no names, no pack-drill – some people would, frankly, screw it up and Terrance would have to rewrite. And so it became frantic ...

Terrance Partly, we had inherited a crisis situation, they had got into a terrible state with late scripts, disaffected writers and God knows what else, so we spent a year or so digging ourselves out of that. But however efficient you are, however hard you work, however much you plan – when you go into production, things go wrong. Production is trouble. Barry used to come in every morning and say "all right, come on, tell me, what's gone wrong today?"

"WE DID A LOT OF PRE-PLANNING ... ADMITTEDLY MUCH OF IT OVER A GLASS OF WINE!" **BARRY LETTS**

Say cheese, smile please! The **Doctor Who** production team takes a break from all the hard work in 1970.

Barry I'd been an actor and a director before I became a producer, and after a while, my wife asked me "what does a producer do?" I said "I'm not sure, but it seems that I sit in the office and every so often somebody comes in and screams 'You'll never believe what's happened now!'" You have to cope with it.

After five years of such intensive work, did you think at the time that you were completely finished with *Doctor Who*, that you would move on and wouldn't go back to it? Given that you'd actually worked on the show before becoming full-time staff members ...

Terrance Well, it was around that time that the Target books started to take off, and I was doing those. [To Barry] You went into directing for a bit didn't you?

Barry For a short time, that's when I did *The Android Invasion*. Philip Hinchcliffe had been a script editor but never a producer, so I overlapped with him for quite a long time – when they did the one out on Dartmoor [*The Sontaran Experiment*], I was there on Dartmoor with them. Philip was in the scanner, the OB control van, but I was in another van watching what was going on and quietly having a word with Philip if I thought there was anything I could advise on. So when I came back to direct one, there hadn't really been much of a gap. And then, yes, I dropped *Doctor Who*, and was concentrating on producing the BBC1 classic serial, the Sunday tea-time show. Terrance and I still met up all the time, and we still talked about *Doctor Who*, but I was so divorced from it that when I was asked to go to my first convention in Florida, I didn't realise that it was an invitation to go as ex-producer. I thought I was merely being asked to attend, they didn't say anything about paying my expenses! [To Terrance] You were king of conventions, weren't you?

Terrance I had a wonderful period where every couple of weeks the phone would ring and this sincere American voice would say "Mr, Dicks I'm ringing from Los Angeles – or wherever – we're having a convention and we'd like you to come along." I'd always say "I'll see if I can fit it in!" I went to the first one in Los Angeles, which Graham Williams and Tom Baker turned up to at the last minute. I'd met them in the bar at television centre, and was being completely insufferable because they asked what I was up to, and I said "well, I'm off to Paris for a few days to be on the jury of a science fiction film festival, and then I'm going over to Los Angeles!" I had this mental picture of Tom and Graham sitting in the bar later saying "It's not fair! Who's the producer? Who's the star?" So they must have got in touch with the organisers in LA and volunteered to come.

Barry And Tom was overwhelmed by the enthusiasm!

Terrance And he hadn't got a script! I remember him saying "What shall I say to them, Terrance? What shall I say?" "You don't have to say anything, Tom – just stand there, and they'll adore you." Even if he'd been carried off the plane paralytic – which is not unlikely, knowing Tom! – they could just have put him on a stretcher and carried him through the adoring fans like the Pope.

Terrance, of course, spent much of the 1970s writing *Doctor Who* books, whereas Barry only wrote *The Dæmons*. Why just the one?

Barry It took too much time, when I put together my home life with three children and the job I was doing. I've regretted it ever since for a number of reasons. Firstly I thoroughly enjoyed it, and secondly I could have done with the money!

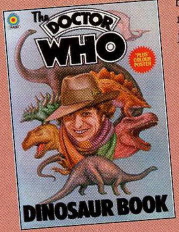
DOCTOR WHO
AND THE DÆMONS
BARRY LETTS

For a while, too, any time WH Allen was doing a special *Doctor Who* project, Terrance seemed to be involved in it. For instance, *The Doctor Who Dinosaur Book* – in retrospect, it's quite surprising how seriously they took that project ...

Terrance They were rather led astray by that, actually. They were getting feedback that a lot of young kids were trying to read the novelisations and they were too hard for eight and nine-year-olds. So we did a few junior editions, and at one stage they were going to do all of them as junior editions,

Despite the popularity of the UNIT set-up, Letts and Dicks often strove to take the series away from Earth ... © BBC

although that fell through. And they were very eager to do some spin-offs, so we did *The Doctor Who Dinosaur Book*, which did terrifically well – it was an absolute smash. Then they decided to do this *Doctor Who Discovers* series, but made the major mistake of doing it without me. And I was very annoyed at my editor, but she said it was a board level decision and that anyway I had enough to do – which was true. And the whole project sank like a lead balloon, to my vast glee! Because they were boring ...



They were tediously didactic, and completely unlike the TV show ...

Terrance Yes, they were teachy and preachy. Kids have an unerring bullshit detector for that sort of thing.

But doing things like that led into a whole new career for you as a childrens' book writer ...

Terrance It's something I had never wanted to do, but I was, at that time, a best-selling writer. I did quite a lot of other children's books, sometimes for WH Allen, but also editors move around from company to company, and it's like a wedding – you don't lose a daughter, you gain a son; you don't lose an editor, you gain a publisher! Richard Henwood, who had started the *Doctor Who* books, got a prestigious job elsewhere and immediately sent for me to write books for him. Brenda Gardner, who was another of my editors, set up her own publishing firm and I did a lot of things for them, and it all came about because of *Doctor Who*.

"I ONCE WROTE A CHILDREN'S BOOK. I THOUGHT 'IF TERRANCE CAN DO IT, THEN SO CAN I!'" **BARRY LETTS**

Barry I actually once wrote a children's book, inspired by Terrance – I thought, if he can make the money, so can I! That was after I left the BBC. I took it to my agent, who was enthusiastic and sent it round. The editor at Andre Deutsch was also enthusiastic, but I'd cleverly aimed it at the very age group which wasn't selling. If I'd written for either eight-year-olds or teenagers it would have been fine, but not 12-year-olds. And I couldn't face doing the whole thing all over again ...

And Big Finish is about to re-print some of Terrance's old work ...

Terrance There's a science fiction series I wrote called *Star Quest*, essentially a rip-off of *Star Wars*. Big Finish is going to reprint those as an omnibus edition ...

Will this sort of thing still appeal to the kids of today, or it will it be adult nostalgia for that vast generation which can claim they learned to read with Terrance Dicks?

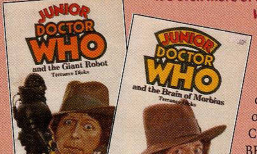
Terrance A bit of both, hopefully, you can't tell. The only advantage of having been around so long is that a lot of people who read my books in their childhood are now grown up and working in television or publishing, and occasionally offer me work. It's like a harvest ...

Barry The actor Peter Capaldi told me that one of the reasons he came into the business was that he used to write to me at *Doctor Who*, and send me scripts, and I invited him to the studio and he met Jon Pertwee. Peter had written what he thought was a *Doctor Who* script and I treated it seriously! And these days, because of UK Gold and the like, we meet people at conventions who are not just the children but the grandchildren of people who were watching it the first time around ...

After working on the BBC classic serial, Barry went back to being freelance...

Barry The BBC used to have this rule that you had to finish at 60. You didn't have to stop working for them, but you couldn't be on the staff – so you could get your pension and then come back as a freelancer, and be paid twice! And this happened when I was on the classic serial, and Terrance took over as producer. I had set up *Alice In Wonderland* before I left – which I was going to direct – which was delayed by a strike. It was sitting there waiting, and so Terrance invited me to come back to direct it. And then he asked me to direct David Copperfield. Then for about three years I mainly did *Brookside* and *EastEnders*. I stopped *Brookside* because it went three episodes a week which I thought was nonsense because the quality went right down, and I told them so. Then I lost *EastEnders* because I had two remounts. I did one particular show I was very proud of, but we'd had to have half a day extra. You just can't do that on a soap ...

It's even more of a production line than *Doctor Who* was, presumably ...



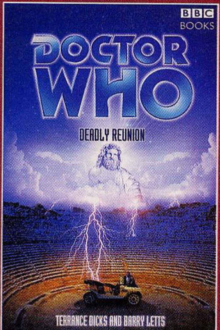
JUNIOR DOCTOR WHO and the Giant Robot
Terrance Dicks
JUNIOR DOCTOR WHO and the Brain of Morbius
Terrance Dicks

Barry Absolutely. But by then I was coming up to 68, and I thought it was time to stop directing anyway, to concentrate on writing. Out of the blue, Phil Clarke, a producer-director from BBC Light Entertainment got in touch, saying Jon Pertwee had

COMING **UP...**

DEADLY REUNION

A NOVEL BY **TERRANCE DICKS** AND **BARRY LETTS**



PUBLISHED 3 NOVEMBER

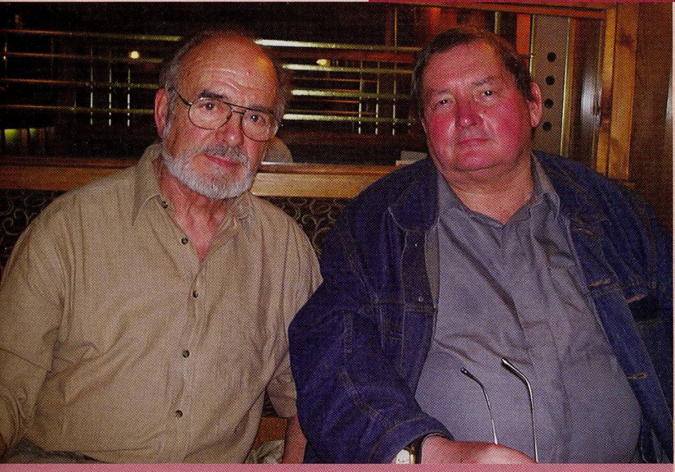
Featuring The Third Doctor, Jo, the Brigadier and UNIT
Enemies Well, they're more than a bit like something from Greek mythology...
Setting post-war Greece; London and other parts of the UK, in – essentially – the Pertwee era ...
You'll like this if you like ... *Terror of the Autons, Rags, The Life Bringer, Underworld, The Long Dark Tea-Time of the Soul, Players*
Say what? "He watched her for a moment as she ran to the water's edge and dived in. He hadn't known it was possible to be so happy. And Second-Lieutenant Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart followed his love – deep, deep, into the waters of forgetfulness ..."

suggested doing some radio *Doctor Who* and he would very much like to pick my brain – and, by the way, would I like to write the script? Of course I would! I'd worked on radio as an actor, so I knew the form. *The Paradise of Death* worked fine in terms of radio technique, but then on *The Ghosts of N-Space* I fell into the trap of having Sarah talking to herself, saying "Oh, look at what the Doctor's doing ..." And I'm utterly ashamed of that ...

***The Ghosts of N-Space* was delayed for a long time, and thereafter the whole enterprise seemed to fizzle away rather ...**

Barry Phil and Jon and Nick and Lis all wanted to do more, but we heard there was going to be a *Doctor Who* film and it was part of the contract with the co-producers that no new *Doctor Who* product should go out until the film went out. But both of the radio plays did very well, and we would have done more, only poor old Jon died. I suggested doing it with Tom Baker, some time later, and they said that another writer and director were already looking into that, so I shrugged my shoulders and left it. It never came to anything, I don't know why.

"THE BOOKS ARE NOW WITH A NEW GENERATION, BUT I STILL LIKE TO DO THE ODD ONE!" **TERRANCE DICKS**


Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks today: more than thirty years on, and still crazy for Who! Photo © David Darlington

Presumably, the Virgin novelisations of those radio plays were your first books since *The Dæmons*?

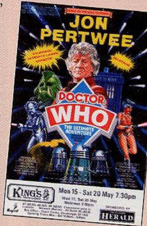
Barry Yes. I got in touch with Virgin books when the first script was commissioned and asked if they'd like me to write a book based on the script, and they said "Yes, please!"

On the subject of Virgin Books, Terrance one of the first people to contribute to their *New Adventures* range. Was that a job he'd been keen to pursue?

Terrance You have to understand my attitude to work: I don't do it unless somebody asks me to! The other side of that is that if anybody offers me a job I take it. It's the freelance mentality. I always used to say that if someone asked me to write on the sex life of the Eskimo, I'd say "that's always been a particular interest of mine ..." So I was asked to do one [*Timewyrm: Exodus*], and I enjoyed it and did a few more. One which was particularly interesting was *Shakedown*, based on the straight-to-video film. The people behind it had got the Sontarans and wanted something set on a space yacht, and they came to me with that and asked me to write the script. And *Shakedown*, in its own terms, did very well. Then Virgin asked if I would do a *Doctor Who* book of *Shakedown*. "But the Doctor's not in it!" "Well, put him in it!" But I never hunt for work – I have been extraordinarily lucky, there was a time when I was earning money by the bucketload writing *Who* books, and in between I was going to *Who* conventions in Florida. Of course, these things don't last forever. Though I got a pretty handsome cheque recently from the DVD of *The Five Doctors*. It's free money!

You also wrote a couple of stage plays, which must be about the only things which don't still earn you money – they're another piece of *Doctor Who* which has been lost into the ether ...

Terrance Yes, although even there, I was asked to novelise one of them, though it didn't come to anything because they couldn't reach an agreement with Terry Nation's estate about the use of the Daleks. What I said about the first play [*Seven Keys to Doomsday*] was, we either have to have Pertwee or the Daleks, preferably both. At a pinch we could do without Pertwee but not the Daleks. And the second one [*The Ultimate Adventure*] had the advantage of having Jon in. Although he was terribly worried about it, bless him. He sat after the dress rehearsal saying "It's no good, Terrance, I can't do it!" All actors are insecure, without a doubt. When I was producing the classic serial, I had Eric Porter, a major actor, playing David Copperfield. And he would do a terrific scene, and come off and say "I'm sorry, Terrance, I've lost it – I used to have a bit of talent but it's gone!" And so you'd have to spent half an hour telling him how wonderful he was ...



Is this because actors are both insecure and egocentric?

Terrance Oh yes – though you do get quiet ones, like Patrick Troughton. And Peter Davison is a quiet man, in many ways.

Barry Patrick's quietness was a lack of insecurity – he knew he was a bloody good actor and he could get a job at any time. Within a month or two of leaving *Doctor Who* he was playing the Duke of Norfolk in the story of Henry VIII with Keith Michel. Whereas Jon, though he was a lovely man, and he wasn't nastily selfish, he was egocentric. The sort of actor which very often becomes a star, in fact.

There were vague rumours circulating a few years back that one or both of you might have been approached to be involved in a post-TV movie *Doctor Who* series ...

Terrance I was approached about the original script, by Philip Segal, who took me out to a splendid expensive lunch. He was very good about it, very straightforward in terms of Hollywood, he said he would like me to do it but couldn't make a firm offer because they were under pressure from Fox to use an American writer with a TV track record. But even if I'd been asked to do it, it would have been rewritten by seventeen other writers. There were umpteen scripts written for that movie. How, at the end of it, they came up with one so particularly lousy, I couldn't say!

And more recently, you've both worked for Big Finish, on their *Sarah Jane Smith* range ...

Terrance That was because Lis [Sladen] wanted us.

Barry We were at a convention, and on the train home Lis said Big Finish had asked her to do this series and she would only do it if we were involved.

Terrance So we had star power on our side! I didn't hear anything for ages, and then they wanted the script 'next week', so I hammered something out, and then I still didn't hear anything for ages. Then Gary Russell phoned up and said it was all fine but Lis didn't want a supernatural theme, so they had changed the ending. And the play came back, large chunks of which I had written and some I hadn't, but that's all right. They had done exactly what I would have done in that situation, and that's okay.

Would either of you do a Big Finish *Doctor Who* play?

Terrance My feeling is that all the people involved are of another generation. It's like the novels now are with a whole new generation of writers, and I do the odd one, as a sort of dinosaur. But none of them are the sort of book I write any more, they're more complicated, more ambitious.

Barry They are extraordinary some of them...

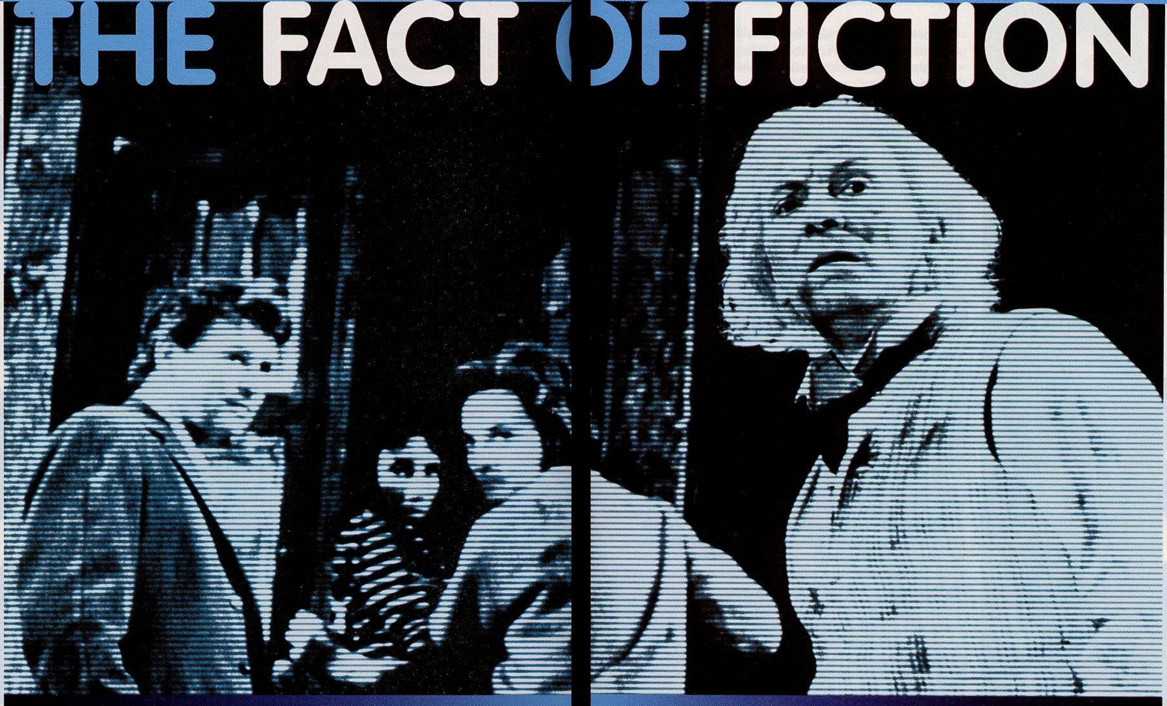
And do either of you foresee a time when, if Justin Richards asks if you want to do another book, you might think "Nah – can't be bothered ..."

Terrance No! As long as I can still hit a keyboard ...

Barry And I've just submitted another synopsis! After I'd done my bit of this one, I rang Justin and asked if he'd like me to put in a proposal for an entire book, and he said he'd love me to, so he's got it at the moment. I'd love to write another one ...

“Fear is with all of us, and always will be. Just like that other sensation that lives with it ... hope.”

THE FACT OF FICTION



“TWO TRIBES”

100,000 BC

Two tribes are at war over the first *Doctor Who* serial. There are those who call it 100,000 BC. And there are those who get it wrong.

Come to think of it, ‘tribes’ is hardly the right word, not for rival factions of *Doctor Who* fans. ‘Camps’ – that’s better. In the opposing camp, the wrong camp, are those who call the four episodes that make up Serial A *An Unearthly Child*, after the title of its first instalment. They’re not wrong because they’re unfamiliar with the obscure BBC promotional document of 1 November 1963 which labels the first three stories 100,000 BC, *The Mutants* and *Inside the Spaceship*; nor are they wrong because popular usage, in this case arising out of a logical misnomer repeated throughout a 1973 *Radio Times* special, is irrelevant. “We maintain that the proper title should remain what the story is known as by most people,” write Paul Cornell, Martin Day and Keith Topping in *Doctor Who: The Discontinuity Guide* (1995). “*An Unearthly Child* is the democratically elected title for the first story, reflected by the BBC in their video releases. Calling it anything else might be a mark of strict accuracy, but it could also be a sign of elitism.”

It could also be a sign of understanding and appreciating the story as a whole. Because it is a whole, not just a stand-alone episode set in London, 1963 with a three-parter about cavemen blocking the way before the serious business of *Doctor Who* ‘proper’ begins with the first Dalek serial. You can call that *The Mutants*, *The Daleks*, *The Dead Planet* – whatever you like. Same with *Inside the Spaceship*, or *The Edge of Destruction*. But the first story is not about an unearthly child (taken literally, not even the first episode is – for if the comely Carole Ann Ford seen here is your idea of a ‘child’, I suggest you get your eyes tested). It’s about cultures, and advancement, and societies; how the idea of primitivism is a relative one; about how we’re all ‘backward’ in some sense. And the purpose of the whole piece couldn’t be made clearer than in the first episode, where the Doctor describes Ian’s disbelief as being akin to the “savage mind” of a Red Indian trying to make sense of a steam train. His analogy isn’t accidental – it’s something that’s set up to be developed later in the story. There’s a great liberal lesson in how the oh-so-advanced Doctor will be reduced to near-helplessness in the face of the Stone Age, whereas the supposedly inadequate Ian will flourish, finding a way to ensure the survival not of the fittest, or the most intelligent, or the most quick-witted, but everyone, because Ian’s message to Za – that the whole tribe is stronger than any one of its members – is not only the lesson that will ensure that the vicious, self-serving Kal is foiled, it’s also the lesson that will enable the four TARDIS travellers to endure. We begin with four individuals thrown together in a junkyard; we end with them bonded, each having given equally to ensure the group’s survival.

Maybe not quite equally, because this is more Ian and Barbara’s story – the story of everyman. The Doctor is mostly an antagonist. But Susan is here little more than a mechanism to draw the teachers into the Doctor’s sphere. She may be the focus of the first half of the first episode, but she has little to do in the remainder. She’s not the text, and that’s why calling the story *An Unearthly Child* is so wrong; it devalues three-quarters of its length. 100,000 BC may not be ideal, but at least it’s not misleading, or an inducement to misreading.

Titles are important. The late Sydney Newman, one of the troika principally responsible for creating *Doctor Who*, had a favourite quotation, one popularised in the title of a play that sparked the so-called ‘kitchen sink’ literary movement, of which Newman himself would become a small but significant part. The quotation, from American humourist James Thurber, runs: “Let us not look back in anger, nor forward in fear, but around in awareness.” That’s what 100,000 BC is about. It’s what all *Doctor Who* should be about. And perhaps it’s something we should think on, hard, in the troubled world of 2003.

ALAN BARNES

KEY

- TITLE
- TECHNICAL
- SOURCES
- SHOOTING
- EDITING
- CONNECTIONS
- SCRIPT
- MONSTERS
- SPECIAL EFFECTS
- CAST & CREW
- TARGET BOOKS
- OOOPS!
- SPECULATION

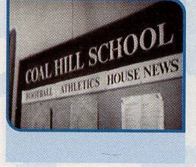
AN UNEARTHLY CHILD

The derivation of the oddly lyrical title for the first *Doctor Who* episode is something of a mystery: the word ‘child’ seems misplaced as a description of the teenage Susan, suggesting that it instead parodies the scripture-like phrase ‘an earthly child’. One possible source is the second verse of the traditional hymn *Glory Be to God on High*, which refers to Christ: “He grew up an earthly child/Alleluia/Of the world but undefiled/Alleluia.” As a school assembly perennial, this would doubtless have been familiar to many of the programme’s young viewers.

1963: a police constable pauses in his 3am beat down a fogbound Totter’s Lane to check by torchlight the gates of number 76 – scrap merchant IM Foreman’s yard. He moves on, failing to notice the gates swinging open behind. Inside the yard stands a police telephone box emitting a low electronic hum.

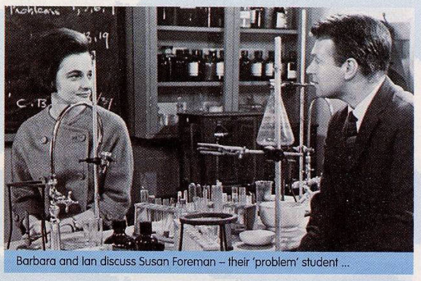
Cynically or otherwise, this opening scene employs iconography from two of BBC Television’s biggest successes of the time: the plodding policeman in the night-time fog evokes the titles of *Dixon of Dock Green*, then on its tenth series; whereas the scrapyard gates are redolent of the ‘Oildrum Lane, Shepherd’s Bush’ setting of *Steptoe and Son*, the Ray Galton and Alan Simpson tragicomedy popular enough to have merited a specially-written slot in the Royal Variety Performance of 4 November 1963, two and a half weeks prior to *An Unearthly Child*’s transmission. (‘Totter’s Lane’ is clearly a reference to the practice of ‘totting’ – a slang term for the business of the rag and bone trade.) Blurring genre boundaries in its first few moments of life, *Doctor Who* then borrows a trick from *Armchair Theatre*, when ‘we’ – the camera, perhaps, or the viewer – push open the (secured) gates and enter the yard. As TV critic Philip Purser noted in 1961, ABC’s *Armchair Theatre* anthology had pioneered fluid, mobile camerawork in television: “almost from the beginning there was a three-dimensional quality ... which was ahead of rival efforts. Sets were adventurous and elaborate and the geography was convincing – the camera followed people through doors and along corridors and into the next location instead of switching arbitrarily from scene to scene.” But technical innovation was not all that *Doctor Who* had inherited from the ABC series ...

An abortive version of *An Unearthly Child*, commonly known as the ‘pilot episode’, survives. Recorded at the BBC’s Lime Grove Studios on 27 September 1963, it differs from the broadcast instalment in a number of ways: a ‘thunderclap’ effect is mixed into the first few bars of Delia Derbyshire’s rendition of composer Ron Grainer’s title music, for example. In this opening scene, Fred Rawlings, not Reg Cranfield, plays the policeman; the junkyard is noticeably less cluttered, missing its fake-cobblestoned floor, and an uncanny light pulses behind the police box.



The end of a day’s lessons at Coal Hill School. History teacher Barbara Wright (Jacqueline Hill) **consults with science master Ian Chesterton** (William Russell)**, regarding a pupil she has asked to remain behind – 15 year-old Susan Foreman. Both Ian and Barbara have been discomfited by the extraordinary range of Susan’s knowledge, and are baffled by her domestic arrangements: her guardian – her grandfather – dislikes attention. Recently, Susan’s homework has been poor, and Barbara has learned that her home address is an old junkyard. They resolve to follow Susan home that night.**

This and subsequent scenes suggest the episode’s debt to *Armchair Theatre*, whose original intent to showcase middlebrow literary adaptation for the post-*Sunday Night at the London Palladium* audience had been hijacked by the appointment of Canadian émigré Sydney Newman to the producer’s chair in 1958. Grounded in both documentary techniques and the zippier styling of American commercial television, Newman sought to overturn the upper-class hegemony he perceived in British stage and screen drama of the time, catering instead for “the ordinary blokes the advertisers were aiming to reach.” In this, his aims coincided with the ‘kitchen sink’ movement of the late 1950s spearheaded by John Osborne’s *Look Back in Anger* – the original Royal Court Theatre production of which Newman had seen shortly after arriving in Britain. Newman-produced *Armchair Theatre* plays such as *Hot Summer Night* (1959), *No Trams to Lime Street* (1959) and *Lena, O My Lena* (1960), although not representative of the entirety of the strand, were unembarrassed to highlight contemporaneous social issues and articulate working-class lives (causing the series to be dubbed ‘Armpit Theatre’ in some quarters). In both style and content, the first half of *An Unearthly Child* – the humming police box excepted – might just be an *Armchair Theatre* drama about two concerned teachers uncovering evidence of a pupil’s domestic deprivation, or abuse (Ian will later say it’s “obvious” that Susan’s grandfather is keeping her “locked up” in the police box).



Barbara and Ian discuss Susan Foreman – their ‘problem’ student ...

Such an assertion is underlined by the fact that Newman was to be the cornerstone of *Doctor Who*’s development. Having been poached by the BBC to become its Head of Drama in December 1962, Newman’s attention was directed to a hole early in the Saturday evening schedule – a hole BBC controller Donald Baverstock wanted filled with a children’s drama series. When script department head Donald Wilson was given the task of devising a format for this new programme, he fell back on a series of notes on possible science fiction projects compiled the previous year – and on 26 March 1963, he discussed several SF conceits with department associates John Braybon, Alice Frick and CE (Cecil Edwin) Webber, Wilson himself advancing the notion of “a machine, not only for going backward and forward in time, but into space, and into all kinds of matter.” This was initially dismissed in favour of Braybon’s suggestion for a series about scientific troubleshooters, a format guide for which was written up by Webber three days later. This proposal set out three regular cast members – a “handsome young man hero”; a “handsome well-dressed heroine aged about 30”; and a “maturer man, 35-40, with some ‘character’ twist” – to which Newman added “a kid to get into trouble ... make mistakes.” This key addition steered the putative series into more familiar territory for Newman, who had earlier produced for ABC four juvenile adventure serials about space exploration – *Target Luna*, *Pathfinders in Space*, *Pathfinders to Mars* and *Pathfinders to Venus*.

(Newman would not have considered science fiction solely the province of children’s hour; *Armchair Theatre* had presented several worthy SF pieces, including Jimmy Sangster’s *I Can Destroy the Sun* (1958), Robert Sheckley’s *Murder Club* (1961) and most notably John Wyndham’s *Dumb Martian* (1962), which begat a full spin-off series of fantastical tales, *Out of this World*. It was on one of these more way-out *Armchair Theatre* excursions, *Underground* (1958) – a play about the survivors of an atomic explosion in London, performed live – that the actor Gareth Jones died mid-broadcast. A young production assistant, Verity Lambert, proved her mettle on this occasion by leaping in to oversee camera shots while the director frantically choreographed the reworking of the play's third act as it happened on the studio floor. Her tenacity – "piss and vinegar", in Newman's memorable phrase – did not go unnoticed, and Newman would ultimately catapult Lambert into the producership of the children's SF show he considered his baby.)

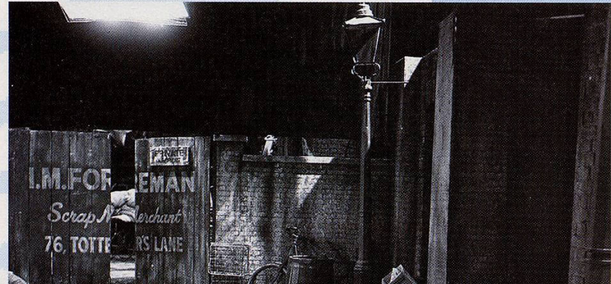
Although the 'troubleshooters' idea would soon be dispensed with, out of it would emerge the core characters for Webber's second attempt at an SF format: *Dr Who* [sic]. In April, Webber outlined a quartet of principals: the "physically perfect" schoolteacher Cliff; his "timid" and "modest" fellow schoolmistress Miss Lola McGovern; Dr Who, "a frail old man lost in space and time"; and 'Biddy', a "with-it" 15 year-old, "lower than middle-class." These would be expanded on in May, when Newman, Webber and Wilson drafted a fuller format guide, again stressing, true to the conventions of social realism, the class differences between the leads. Biddy had by now become the plainer 'Sue', and was definitely "working class"; Miss McGovern, "middle class"; and Cliff a "red-brick university type" – suggestive of a humbly-born scholarship boy who'd graduated from one of the newer provincial colleges (in the manner of Kingsley Amis' 'Lucky Jim', say, or even *Coronation Street*'s Ken Barlow – who, in the early 1960s, was an aspirant ashamed of his modest Northern origins).

Cliff would end up being named 'Ian Chesterton', perhaps another indicator of the character's background – 'Ian of Chester Town'? However, the Oxford-educated William Russell was hired to play the character in the vein of his established 'swashbuckling' persona – the actor was then familiar from adventure series such as *The Adventures of Sir Lancelot*, in which he played the eponymous gallant – thereby obliterating any trace of Ian's kitchen-sink roots. Imagine an Ian played instead by a young Albert Finney, Laurence Harvey or Tom Courtenay, and then apply that picture to the remainder of 100,000 BC: now imagine Ian's bull-headed common sense in the face of the fact of time travel, his working-class mistrust of the patrician Doctor, his bruising hard-knocks struggle with Za ... If this seems far-fetched, consider Newman's first choice for the producer's post – Don Taylor, whose direction of many of the left-wing playwright David Mercer's TV scripts (such as the original *Sunday-Night Play* version of *A Suitable Case For Treatment*, 1962, and the *Where the Difference Begins* trilogy of 1961-3, which charted "the rise and fall of socialist idealism ... over the past sixty years") had marked him out as a prominent exponent of the social realist school.

Depoliticisation of the young male lead occurred in tandem, it seems, with (James) Anthony Coburn being commissioned to author the first script from Webber's synopsis (Webber's teleplay for the first part of an adventure called *The Giants*, which would have seen the ship and its crew accidentally 'miniaturised', had been rejected by the programme's initial 'caretaker' producer, Rex Tucker). According to the serial's eventual director, Waris Hussein, Coburn was a "rough-and-ready Australian" – and arguably disinterested in the very British class conflicts proposed by Newman, Webber and Wilson. Certainly, Sue would also undergo a clear metamorphosis at this point; by the time of Coburn's second draft script, after it had been decided that the girl and the old man would be linked, it was being hinted that the girl was a refugee Royal of some sort. She was renamed the rather less plebeian 'Suzanne' in consequence – and although this aspect would be significantly diluted when it was decided to make 'Susan' simply the old man's grand-daughter, she was now very far removed from a "quick and perky" working-class schoolgirl. (This may explain why Newman later expressed his dissatisfaction with the grand-daughter idea.)

Barbara's status as a history teacher would be useful when the series was set in the past

> 'Hartnell expressed his dislike of the initial pilot script, feeling that it made the old man "far too bad-tempered".'



The gates to IM Foreman's scrapyard, behind which lies the world's most famous time machine!

Susan (Carole Ann Ford) is waiting in a classroom. They find her entranced by a tune playing on her transistor radio.

Susan's fey hand-jiving to the sound of 'John Smith and the Common Men' marks a considerable alteration from Coburn's script, which had her imploring 'Ollie Typhoon' (the stage name of 'Fred Grub', apparently) to "Sing it again ... for me!" and telling Ian, "Oh, Mr Chesterton – he teaches me to ... throb." The beat tune used is actually *Three Guitars Mood 2*, performed by the Arthur Nelson Group. (Oddly, this was also heard in the début episode of another BBC drama series-cum-national institution – playing in a Newtown nitespot in *Four of a Kind*, the first instalment of *Z Cars*, shown 2 January 1962.)

Barbara has offered to loan her a book on the French Revolution. When Ian asks Susan if she wants a lift home, she refuses. The teachers leave. Susan opens up the book, remarking "That's not right" as she turns the pages.

The knowledge that Susan will visit Revolutionary Paris in *The Reign of Terror* (1964) appears to contradict the implication here – that she has already witnessed these events at first hand. Perhaps Susan has merely noticed a terrible lapse in grammar?

Instead of the "That's not right" business, in the pilot Susan puts the (different-sized) book down and performs what appears to be a Rorschach ink-blot test on a piece of paper, which she then draws a hexagonal shape over. This defies all explanation. As Newman's notes on the finished episode had it: "What does she draw?"

Ian and Barbara arrive at Totter's Lane, waiting for Susan. Barbara recalls that Susan was once ridiculed for not knowing that Britain hadn't yet adopted decimal currency.

The UK didn't convert entirely to decimal coinage until 15 February 1971. Work on the changeover did not even begin until March 1966, proving that *Doctor Who* was way ahead of the game!

Ian then recalls Susan's inability to solve a simple problem in dimensions A, B and C; she claimed it was impossible without reference to D and E – time and space.

It would become unusual enough for *Doctor Who* to feature 'flashbacks', let alone point-of-view shots. All three of these cutaways (in which Susan is wearing the same clothes as before, suggesting that they all happened on the same day, or that she doesn't get changed much) are shown from the teachers' perspective, but such directorial flourishes would not become part of the series' house style. Necessity is the mother of Hussein's invention here, the choreography of 'as live' recording requiring William Russell and Jacqueline Hill to be on the street set throughout the flashbacks (their voiceovers were pre-recorded).

Observing Susan enter the junkyard, the teachers follow her in – but she is nowhere to be seen, and there is no response when they call out her name.

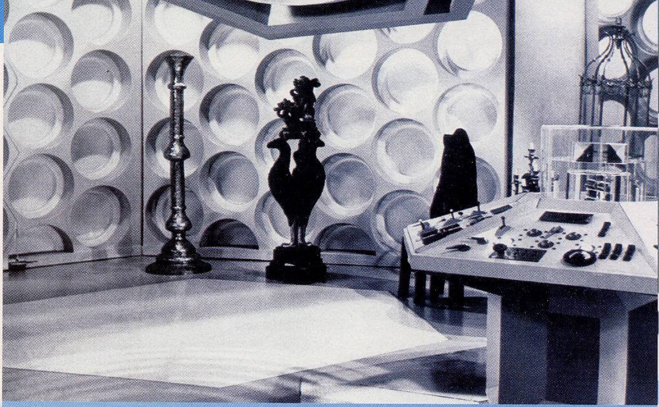
Stumbling in the dark, Ian breaks his torch. "Use a match," suggests Barbara. "I haven't got one," he replies. Coburn is plainly foreshadowing later episodes here: after all, Ian would have no problem making fire in the year 100,000 BC if he *could* strike a light ...

Barbara points out the incongruous police box, and Ian is surprised to detect a faint vibration all around it – but they duck out of sight as an elderly man (William Hartnell) enters the yard and goes to unlock the box's door. Susan's

voice is heard from within, causing Barbara to call out. The old man – Susan's grandfather – slams the door shut, then turns to confront the teachers, dismissing Ian's suggestion that Susan is inside the box. When the teachers declare their intention to go to the police, the old man seems unconcerned – but, as they make to leave, the door opens, and Susan's voice is heard once more. Barbara barges past the old man, enters the box ...

A single break in the episode's 'as live' recording came here, enabling the cast to cross the studio floor to the spaceship interior set. Two full takes were made of the remainder of the pilot, both of them riddled with errors: the interior doors cannot be closed neatly; the shadow of a stagehand can be seen; and visibly sagging photographic backcloths stand in for solid walls.

... and finds herself inside an impossibly large room dominated by a hexagonal console. Ian enters, followed by the old man, 'the Doctor' – who instructs Susan to close the doors, which she does by flicking a switch. The astonished teachers learn that they are standing in a machine called the TARDIS, which can travel anywhere in time and space.

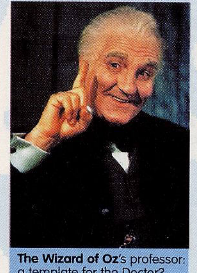

The original TARDIS control room, decorated with props and souvenirs from the Doctor's previous travels.

Who invented the TARDIS? Donald Wilson's original notion for a space-time machine would be reimagined by CE Webber in April 1963 as a transport accessed by means of a 'magic door' leading from an everyday installation such as a nightwatchman's shelter – or maybe a wardrobe, for Webber's 'magic door' was surely a crib from the portals in the Narnia novels of CS Lewis, which, published between 1950 and 1956, were the foremost children's fantasy novels of the era. Sydney Newman later articulated the need for the machine to be given a "tangible symbol" – although whether it was Newman, Webber or Wilson who suggested that this symbol should be a police box whose "shabby exterior conceals a vast chromium and glass interior" goes tantalisingly unrecorded, all three men giving their names to the format guide of 16 May in which the idea was introduced. "Though it looks impressive," stressed the guide, "it is an old beat-up model which Dr. Who stole when he escaped from his own galaxy in the year 5733; it is uncertain in performance; moreover, Dr. Who isn't quite sure how to work it ..."

Coburn's descriptions of Sputnik-style interior panels, radar screens and "a circuit of bulbs on one after the other, like an illumination at Piccadilly Circus" was given to designer Peter Brachacki, whose interest in the programme was, according to Waris Hussein, virtually non-existent: "He thought the show was a load of bollocks. The TARDIS interior was just a hexagonal control panel which he literally threw together in an afternoon. He gave me three flats with circles in them and said, 'That's your ship.' He couldn't be bothered thinking about it." This testimony is undercut rather by the vast (and internally controversial) expense of the set – £4,328, to be spread across 13 episodes budgeted at circa £2,500 each.

The Doctor, who has returned with a replacement for a faulty filament, claims that he and Susan are "wanderers in the fourth dimension." Exiles from another civilisation on another planet in another time, they have been on Earth for just five months.

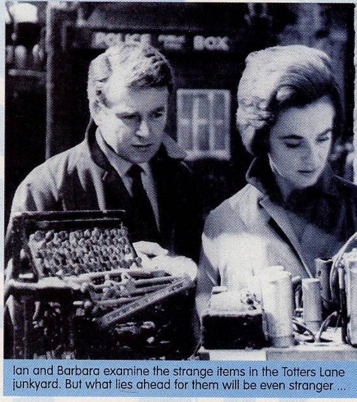
The backstory of the Doctor's secret origins dated back to Webber's April 1963 description of a perhaps-criminal old man "searching for something as well as fleeing from something .. He remains a mystery. From time to time the other three discover things about him, which turn out to be false or inconclusive." Webber actually imagined that Dr Who would be on a quest to find a perfect society of the past; and that once he had found it, he would seek to "destroy or nullify the future." Wanting the Doctor to remain a kind of father figure, not a reactionary, Newman dismissed this road map for the character as "nuts!" The Newman, Webber and Wilson guide of May stated: "Dr Who is about 650 years old. Frail looking but wirey and tough like an old turkey ... His watery blue eyes are continually looking around in bewilderment and occasionally a look of utter malevolence clouds his face as he suspects his earthly friends of being part of some conspiracy. He seems not to remember where he comes from but he has flashes of garbled memory which indicate that was involved in a galactic war and still fears pursuit by some undefined enemy. Because he is somewhat pathetic his three friends continually try to help him find his way 'home' ..." By July, story editor David Whitaker had determined that the Doctor "has escaped from the 50th-century because he has found life at that time to be unpleasant and he is searching for another existence into which he can settle." At this stage, Whitaker saw the character as being "more like the old professor that Frank Morgan played in *The Wizard of Oz* ... Then we can strike some of the charm and humour as well as the mystery, the suspicion and the cunning." William Hartnell, who was offered the part after Leslie French (Lambert's first choice) and Cyril Cusack had both been considered (Hugh David, later a *Doctor Who* director, had been nominated for the role under Rex Tucker's brief aegis), also referred to the capricious, duplicitous and rather magical 'Professor Marvel' of L Frank Baum's first Oz tale (filmed in 1939), later telling the *Daily Express*: "I think I represent a cross between the Wizard of Oz and Father Christmas."


The Wizard of Oz's professor: a template for the Doctor?

Doctor Who: wirey and tough like an old turkey, apparently

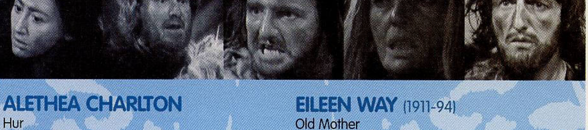
Whitaker's fear that charm and humour were missing from the Doctor was well-founded: dismayed by both the portrayal of the old man and the episode's technical failings, Newman would order the pilot remounted. In the three weeks before the re-recording (at Lime Grove on 18 October, with the remaining three episodes taped on each of the following three Fridays), much of the first TARDIS sequence was rewritten, most likely by Whitaker. Hartnell recalled in 1964: "I didn't like the initial script and I told them so. It made the old man too bad-tempered. So they gave me *carte blanche* to introduce more humour and pathos into the part." Some of the differences between the sober-suited sociopath of the pilot and the Edwardian-attired eccentric of the finished version are telling: where once he laughed malevolently at the frustrated teachers' battering on the TARDIS' internal doors, now he would emit but a self-satisfied titter and fret about his clock; and where he had patronisingly explained away his use of the phrase 'ship' for his TARDIS with the words "I use your own outdated terminology for any craft which does not roll along on wheels," now he would mug a mock-outraged "This doesn't roll along on wheels, you know!" Pathos was supplied by a new speech in which he mournfully described the plight of he and his grand-daughter (a "stupid child" no more): "Susan and I are cut off from our own planet, without friends or protection. But one day we shall get back. Yes, one day ..." Hartnell was evidently much pleased by these revisions, later telling the *Western Daily Press and Bristol Mirror*: "After we remade the first episode, I decided that the show would run for five years."

Also amended from the pilot was Susan's specific claim to have been "born in the 49th century" (according to Earth dating, presumably). Susan's dress, too, would be altered: a striped top replacing a shiny, futuristic tabard-like affair.


Ian and Barbara examine the strange items in the Totters Lane junkyard. But what lies ahead for them will be even stranger ...

Despite Susan's protestations, the Doctor refuses to let the teachers go. Ian attempts to activate the

WHERE ELSE HAVE I SEEN ...?



ALETHEA CHARLTON

Hur

Doctor Who appearances *The Time Meddler* (1965) as Edith **TV appearances** *Doomwatch: In the Dark* (1971) as Flora; *Out of the Unknown: This Body is Mine* (1971) as Ann Meredith

HOWARD LANG (1911-1989)

Horg

TV appearances include *The Onedin Line* (1971-80) as Captain Baines; *The Winds of War* (1983) as Churchill

DEREK NEWARK (d 1998)

Za

Doctor Who appearances *Inferno* (1970) as Greg Sutton **TV appearances include** *Out of This World: Vanishing Act* (1962) as Inspector Wright; *The Avengers: Trojan Horse* (1964) as Johnson; *The Avengers: From Venus with Love* (1967) as Crawford; *The Avengers: Wish You Were Here* (1969) as Vickers; *The Champions: The Final Countdown* (1969) as Kruger; *Department S: Last Train to Redbridge* (1970) as Clark

EILEEN WAY (1911-94)

Old Mother

Doctor Who appearances *The Creature From the Pit* (1979) as Karela **Film appearances include** *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150AD* (1966) as Old Woman **TV appearances include** *The BBC Television Shakespeare: Macbeth* (1983) as Second Witch; *Inspector Morse: Greeks Bearing Gifts* (1991) as Mrs Papas

JEREMY YOUNG

Kal

Doctor Who appearances *Mission to the Unknown* (1965) as Gordon Lowery **TV appearances include** *R3: Experiment in Death* (1965) as Wilson; *The Avengers: A Touch of Brimstone* (1966) as Willy Frant; *The Avengers: Never, Never Say Die* (1967) as Dr Penrose; *The Avengers: The Forget-Me-Knot* (1968) as George Burton; *Department S: The Pied Piper of Hambledown* (1969) as Dr Brogan; *Doomwatch: The Battery People* (1970) as Llewellyn; *Space: 1999: The Bringers of Wonder* (1976) as Jack Bartlett; *The Tripods* (1984) as Count

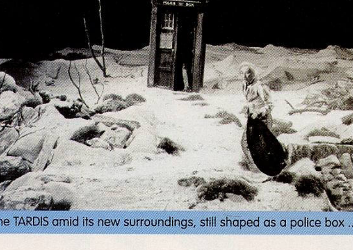
doors as he saw Susan do – but he receives an incapacitating shock. Fearing exposure, the Doctor tells Susan that if he frees the teachers, then he and Susan must leave Earth – but Susan threatens to stay behind alone. The Doctor appears to give in to her, but he's shamming; at the first opportunity, he sets the TARDIS in motion. Lights flash and an electronic wheezing sounds as the ship leaves London far behind.

The Doctor will return to the Totter's Lane yard first in *Attack of the Cybermen* (1985) and then in *Remembrance of the Daleks* (1988). In the latter, it is revealed that, prior to the events of *An Unearthly Child*, he had hidden a technological artefact known as the Hand of Omega at a nearby undertaker's. However, dialogue cut from the camera script of the first episode of *The Keys of Marinus* (1964) would have given an altogether different account of his activities: he was attempting to develop a colour scanner screen for his TARDIS, and so he "went along to the British Broadcasting Corporation but they were infernally secretive." Whereas latterday *Doctor Who* lore would have it that the school and the junkyard were somewhere near Shoreditch in East London, if the 'colour telly' theory is to be believed, surely the Doctor would have based himself in the West, close by the BBC Television Centre in White City (and a stone's throw from Shepherds Bush, the Steptoes' stamping-ground)?

Kal is astonished by the TARDIS' sudden appearance

It is all too much for Ian and Barbara, who collapse unconscious.

Raw footage from the title sequence, shot in August at the BBC's Television Film Studios in Ealing, runs here, indicating that the titles are not simply impressionistic – we are seeing something of the "fifth dimension" through which the TARDIS travels. The 'howlaround' technique used was arrived at by pointing a camera at a screen showing the same image the camera was taking, thereby creating a loop of visual 'noise'. Graphics Unit designer Bernard Lodge created the sequence after tests conducted by Ben Palmer for a 1950s version of the Nativity-themed opera *Amahl and the Night Visitors*; in fact, the snaking white line opening the sequence was taken directly from Palmer's footage.



The TARDIS amid its new surroundings, still shaped as a police box ...

The journey ends. The police box now stands in a barren landscape. The shadow of a watching figure falls over the ground ...

Filmed at Ealing on 19 September, with walk-on artiste Leslie Bates casting his shadow over the set. The *Daily Worker*'s reviewer of 30 November was entirely fooled by this first *Doctor Who* cliffhanger, describing "a deserted looking planet with an eerie weirdie wandering around."

THE CAVE OF SKULLS

Coburn's scene breakdown was submitted with *The Fire-Maker* [sic] as the second episode's title and *The Cave of Skulls* the third – which seems altogether more logical, given that the eponymous cavern isn't seen or referred to until the closing moments of the second part.

Watching the police box is a shaggy-haired, wild-looking man dressed in animal skins – Kal (Jeremy Young).

Shots on the prehistoric plain set (designed by Barry Newbery, replacing Brachacki) were filmed at Ealing in the second week of October.

In a large cave, a tribe of similarly primitive people are gathered together around Za (Derek Newark), who tries and fails to make fire by rubbing a bone. The crone-like Old Mother (Eileen Way) declares that fire leads only to ruin – but Za, whose father died without passing on the secret of making it, thinks fire will shore up his position as leader of the tribe. Za's woman, Hur (Alethea Charlton), warns him that Kal, a huntsman who only recently joined the group, has found favour among the elders: there is talk that Kal should be leader, and Hur should be given to him.

100,000 BC belongs to the relatively youthful literary tradition of prehistoric fiction; youthful, of course, since palaeoanthropology – the study of early man – only existed on the fringes of scientific discourse prior to the 19th century. The Anthrolopogical Society was formed in the same year Charles Darwin's theories of evolution were published (these were expanded upon in *The Descent of Man*, 1871) – but it wasn't until 1886 that two human skeletons exhumed in Belgium finally proved the existence of Neanderthal Man. Such discoveries enthralled the world of letters, with both Jules Verne (in *Voyage au centre de la terre* ['Journey to the centre of the Earth'], 1864), and HG Wells (*A Story of the Stone Age*, 1897) making reference to prehistoric studies. The secret of making fire became the backdrop for many of these suddenly fashionable prehistoric fantasies, notably Stanley Waterloo's *The Story of Ab* (1897) and Charles Henry Robinson's *Longhead: The Story of the First Fire* (1913). The most famous and well-regarded of these, however, was the Belgian author JH Rosny *aîné*'s *La guerre du feu* ('The war for fire', 1909, filmed by Jean-Jacques Annaud as *Quest For Fire*, 1981) which charted the adventures of the Oulhamr tribesman Naoh as he goes in search of the lost secret of fire-making, knowing that he who restores fire to the tribe shall inherit the staff of command. His deadly rival, both for the leadership and for the woman Gammla, is Aghoo, and it's not hard to discern ancestors of Za, Kal and Hur in Naoh, Aghoo and Gammla respectively.

Also significant, being the most renowned prehistoric novel at the time of 100,000 BC's writing, is *The Inheritors* (1955), Nobel Prize-winning author William Golding's follow-up to *Lord of the Flies*. Here, a family of Neanderthals encounter, and are eventually exterminated by, a rival, more advanced tribe. In *The Inheritors*, fire is not 'made' *per se* – instead, it is the "burden" of an old woman to carry dwindling embers of the last fire from place to place in a ball of clay, using the embers themselves to rekindle the next fire, then the next ... Clearly, the secret of fire-making itself has been lost, and so the fire must be transported as a constant. Likewise, in *The Cave of Skulls*, Hur tips ash ("the dead fire") over Za's kindling. Both Golding's and Coburn's Neanderthals have something like a religion – the first devoted to 'Oa', a kind of 'Earth-Mother', the other to 'Orb', a sun-god. But perhaps the best reason for believing that Coburn was acquainted with *The Inheritors* lies in the similarities between Golding's Neanderthal names and Coburn's: the names of 'Ha', the leader, and the woman 'Fa', are echoed by Coburn's 'Za', for instance, with the male names 'Lok' and 'Mal' resembling ancestors of 'Kal'.

The various indignities heaped upon the actors playing the tribespeople are well-recorded. The sand used at Ealing was supposedly ridden with fleas, which hopped into the extras' furs – and one Margot Maxine, booked to appear in this episode, walked out of the studio upon learning that her teeth were to be painted black. Hussein, a self-confessed "stickler for realism", remembered asking every actor who arrived for audition to undo their shirts, to see if they were hairy enough: "We'd save money by not having to put hair on them."

Ian and Barbara come round. Despite being shown a view of the ship's surroundings, Ian refuses to believe that they have travelled through space and time, ordering 'Dr Foreman' to open the doors.

The Doctor's response to Ian calling him "Dr Foreman" – "Eh? Doctor who?" – marks one of only two occasions that this old 'knock knock' standby has been used as anything other than a joke (the second comes when Ian restates the question later in this episode). It also suggests that, unlike Susan, the Doctor is not using the name of the scrap merchant 'Foreman' as an alias (unless he's simply forgotten the fact). This would therefore imply that the name 'IM Foreman' is not meant as a pun of some sort – with 'IM' reading 'I'm', and 'Foreman' suggesting either a champion of humankind ('for man') or humanity's predecessor ('fore-man').

Inevitably, the character of IM Foreman would appear in a work of *Doctor Who* fiction. S/he features in Lawrence Miles' two-volume BBC Books novel *Doctor Who: Interference* (1999), in which it is revealed that Foreman is a priest from the distant past of the Doctor's home planet, who travels the universe with a freakshow. According to Miles, Foreman's 'caravan', which alters its shape according to its point of arrival, attracted the unwitting Doctor when it appeared as a scrapyard in London in 1963.

The TARDIS 'yearometer' is malfunctioning; the Doctor can only be sure they have moved back in time; he will need to take samples to make a proper estimate.

Nowhere in 100,000 BC is it definitively stated that the travellers have arrived amid Earth's Palaeolithic period – they might just as easily be caught up in the affairs of a tribe of humanoid but nonetheless alien savages in another era and on another planet entirely – but there is no deliberate obfuscation involved. The reason for the time and place not being given is to establish that the Doctor is not in complete control of the TARDIS – which will later explain why he cannot return Ian and Barbara to 1963.

Opening the doors, the Doctor gathers up various pieces of equipment and leaves the ship. Convinced, Barbara follows, with Susan leading the still incredulous Ian outside.

With the double doors to the rear and the 'fault locator' area (used in *The Dead Planet*, the first episode of the subsequent serial) unseen, the TARDIS' internal layout differs from *An Unearthly Child*.

The Doctor collects his samples, unaware that Kal is watching. Meanwhile, Susan notes that the ship has retained the shape of a police box, telling Ian and Barbara that it should alter its appearance to blend in with its surroundings. Out of sight, the Doctor pauses to light an ornate pipe – at which point Kal charges him. Ian, Barbara and Susan hear the Doctor cry out but, rushing towards the noise, find only the Doctor's equipment – plus his precious notebook, which holds key codes for all the machines in the ship and details of his travels. They set off towards a line of trees, through which Susan sees a path.

At the cave, Za discusses Kal with Hur's father, Horg (Howard Lang). Kal is the last survivor of a tribe that perished in "the last cold", but they would not have died if Kal could have made fire, as he has suggested he can. Kal returns, carrying the unconscious Doctor – whom he says made fire from his fingers. He tells the tribespeople that if the Doctor succeeds, Kal must be their leader. When the Doctor wakes, he undertakes to make them all the fire they want if they will only take him back whence he came ...

The Doctor can clearly understand the cavemen's speech, and *vice versa*. The matter of the tribespeople's dialogue had been much discussed among the production team, director Waris Hussein doubting the validity of either implausibly full dialogue or impractical grunts – but a memo from Whitaker to Lambert regarding Coburn's second draft of *An Unearthly Child* noted Coburn's opinion, formed surprisingly late in the process, that "the 'Gums' ought to talk." Even the actors wondered on the tribesmen's articulacy: "During rehearsals, I questioned the fact that the cavemen's dialogue was so perfectly formed and grammatically correct," remembered Jeremy Young. "'I can't spout forth in perfect BBC English!' I argued. 'Surely a caveman would just grunt?' In the end, they let me add a few extra grunts ... but I still think Kal sounded too educated."

The argument over the first story's 'proper' title had escalated, and all-out war between the factions was inevitable ...

As Ian, William Russell was clearly vying with Hartnell for the status of leading man

'Nowhere is it stated that the travellers have arrived in the Palaeolithic period...'

THE INHERITORS
William Golding

... but is aghast to find that his matches are missing. Za accuses Kal of lying, causing Kal to threaten the Doctor with a flint knife. Ian, Barbara and Susan rush in. Ian struggles with Za, the Doctor preventing Ian's dispatch only by threatening to deny them fire. Za orders the strangers thrown into the 'Cave of Skulls'. Come the morning, they will be sacrificed to the sun-god Orb; only then will Orb show Za the secret of fire.

The cave sequence ending here clocks in at 10 minutes 53 seconds, one of the longest unbroken scenes in the programme's history – and considerably longer than *An Unearthly Child*'s TARDIS scene, which runs for just 6'23" between Barbara's entrance and the ship's take-off.

The four travellers are bound hand and foot in the Cave. The Doctor notices a large pile of skulls, each of them split open ...

David Whitaker conceded that the fully-articulated skeleton seen here was "clearly a mistake" (it is unlikely it would have decomposed in so perfect a state) when taken to task by viewers Miss Johnson and Mr Priddy, who sent a list of perceived inaccuracies in the cavemen's presentation to the production office following transmission. Nonetheless, Whitaker refuted the charge that "The tribe appear to be Lower or Middle Palaeolithic and therefore shouldn't know about fire," protesting: "The situation with the tribe was that they had lost the secret of making fire, and I was most careful to emphasize this fact. It is not that they belonged to a time when there is an unfamiliarity with it." He could, of course, have pointed out that Johnson and Priddy were simply wrong: Neanderthal remains of the Middle Palaeolithic, dated between 40,000 and 100,000 BC, have been found in caves containing evidence of the use of fire. In addition, and as per 100,000 BC, *homo sapiens Neanderthalensis* (despite his anatomy mitigating against his speaking like modern man) probably transmitted information verbally; he also hunted mammals for food, used stone tools, sewed furs and skins with bone needles and painted the dead before burial, the latter strongly suggestive of a ritualistic proto-religion – although more likely an 'Earth-Mother' tradition than sun-worship. On this score, at least, Johnson and Priddy had been onto something when they argued: "There is no evidence of patriarchal tribal systems during this era, indeed paintings and figurines suggest the opposite."

THE FOREST OF FEAR

Both the Doctor's and Ian's lines in the recap to the *Cave of Skulls* fail to exactly match their words in the previous instalment.

Night – and while the tribe sleeps, Old Mother steals Za's flint knife. Meanwhile, the four travellers are struggling to break their bonds. Ian maintains all is not lost; air is reaching the cave from outside. Hur watches Old Mother leave the main cave, then rouses Za, who follows. Old Mother emerges from a screen of branches hiding a secret entrance to the Cave. Brandishing Za's knife, she commands: "You will not make fire." Hur tells Za that Old Mother will kill the travellers to stop fire

being made – and Za sees an opportunity to curry favour among the fire-makers. He listens in as Old Mother tells the travellers she will free them if they promise to leave without passing on the secret of fire, which would bring death and discord to the tribe. Old Mother cuts them free, directing them towards the forest. She tries to follow – but Za catches her and, after a tussle, the crone is left concussed. Fearing wild beasts, Za is wary of following the travellers, but Hur spurs him on. An animal roars as the travellers move through the forest, seeking the TARDIS.

With tangled forest, barren desert and a cave system all in close proximity, one wonders exactly where on Earth the TARDIS might have landed. No location is given, and the only identifier we have for the tribe is the fact that Coburn's first overall title for the story was [*Doctor Who and*] *The Tribe of Gum*. Why 'Gum'? Is it a place? A deity? Unlikely, since we know that story editor David Whitaker referred to the tribesmen as 'Gums'. This seemingly bizarre choice of appellation might, however, be explained by a recent discovery in Germany: not only did Neanderthal Man use an 80,000 year-old birch tree resin as glue (perhaps to help fix a flint to a piece of wood, making a weapon or tool), he also chewed it as, er, gum. A spokesman for Saxony's state department of archaeology claimed in 2002 that the gum's "disinfectant qualities" would have combated toothache and cleaned teeth: "It tastes a bit like smoked Black Forest ham. I don't think it would catch on today."

Resting in a clearing, Barbara despairs when she sees movement in the bushes around them. The Doctor and Ian are at loggerheads ...

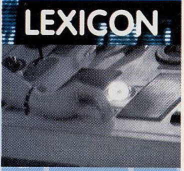
"You seem to have elected yourself leader," says the Doctor angrily. The power struggle between he and Ian is plainly intended to parallel the competition between Za and Kal. (Similarly, it is still unclear whether Hartnell or Russell is the programme's leading man.)

As Za and Hur pick up the travellers' trail, Ian asks the Doctor to lead the way – but Barbara stumbles over the bloody carcase of a freshly-killed warthog, and her cries are heard by Za and Hur. Hearing their pursuers approach, Ian urges the rest of the party to hide. Za and Hur enter the clearing – but when Za crashes into rustling undergrowth, expecting to see the travellers in hiding, he is pounced upon by a wild animal ...

... a panther, according to Coburn's earliest storyline, but a tiger in Terrance Dicks' 1981 Target Books novelisation, *Doctor Who and an Unearthly Child*. Cleverly, Hussein elects to shoot the assault on Za from the creature's point of view, sparing us the sight of Derek Newark struggling with an unconvincing tigerskin, or somesuch. (Note that the children of the tribe are seen dressing up in leopardskins and playing a tag game in *The Cave of Skulls*.) The POV shot was recorded on 31 October, the night before the bulk of the episode, and cut in later – enabling Derek Newark's torso to be bloodied with make-up during the main recording.

Despite not really understanding Susan's love of Earth, the Doctor conceded that she knew where to buy the nicest hats

LEXICON



A few of the less common words and phrases found in the *100,000 BC* scripts

TARDIS n. acronym for Time and Relative Dimension [singular] In Space. [Susan Foreman.]

yearometer n. a device for calculating travels in the Fourth Dimension.

A cavewoman makes friends with a 'perfectly decomposed' skeleton in the Cave of Skulls

The travellers watch on from the bushes as Za struggles with the creature – which soon flees, leaving Za apparently mauled. Ian and the Doctor want to seize their chance to escape – but Barbara refuses, running to Za's aid. Standing over the wounded Za, Ian tries to tell the distraught Hur that he is a friend. Much of the blood on Za is the creature's; Za had succeeded in driving his axehead into its skull. Barbara and Susan build a stretcher from branches and clothing. Kal discovers Old Mother in the Cave, and hears what has happened to the travellers. Fearing that Za will learn the secret of fire before him, he raises his knife before the helpless crone ... While no-one is watching, the Doctor picks up a jagged rock and turns towards Za. Seeing this, Ian stays the Doctor's hand ...

Both seemingly with murder in mind, Kal and the Doctor are clutching sharp stone near-simultaneously here. Ian's close-to-paranoid suspicion of the Doctor's motives is the ultimate beat in a sequence that sees the characters experience and express a range of surprisingly adult emotions, emotions that will rarely be seen again in the programme: Barbara, sheer despair; Za, mortal anguish; Hur, sexual jealousy of Susan; and the Doctor (who for the first time confirms that he is "not a doctor of medicine"), selfishness and lack of fellow-feeling.

The Doctor assures him that he merely wanted Za to draw a map of their path back to the TARDIS. Za is loaded onto the makeshift stretcher. Kal brings Horg and the other tribespeople to the Cave of Skulls, where Old Mother's corpse is found. Kal asserts that Za and Hur freed the travellers, meaning to take the secret of fire for themselves – but when Old Mother found them out, Za murdered her. Horg concurs; Kal will be their leader now. Exiting the forest, the travellers see the TARDIS ahead – but are surrounded by armed tribespeople led by Kal, who has anticipated their destination.

THE FIREMAKER

Back at the tribespeople's cave, Kal denounces Za as Old Mother's killer. Seeing that Za's knife has no traces of gore on it, the Doctor tricks Kal into showing the tribe his own weapon – which is found to be covered in Old Mother's blood. Kal confesses – and, urged on by the Doctor, the tribespeople pelt him with stones, driving him out. Ian assures the restored Za that Kal is not stronger than the whole tribe. Assuming the mantle of leadership, Za orders the travellers sealed up in the Cave of Skulls once more. Hur tells Za how they helped him in the forest, remembering that Ian called himself "Friend." Ian's lesson has helped Za realise that the whole tribe is indeed stronger than any one of its members – and he is determined to gain more of the travellers' wisdom, by friendship or by force.

As far back as his scene breakdown of July 1963, Coburn had planned to title this fourth episode *The Dawn of Knowledge* – the implication surely being that it is the insight Za gains from Ian over the value of community and society, not simply the secret of fire-making, which will enable the Gums to survive. In Golding's *The Inheritors*, the Neanderthals are wiped out when they encounter a more developed group of full *homo sapiens* – but here, Za is undergoing a process of transformation, no longer one of the creatures devoid of logic and reason whom the Doctor damns in *The Forest of Fear*. Za's growing awareness could well be viewed as a step along the way to modern man – which makes him something of a Missing Link. By *The Dawn of Knowledge*, then, did Coburn mean to imply that we are witnessing the birth of modern man? Moreover, since it is Ian's involvement that has affected Za's development, are we supposed to wonder if Ian has unwittingly given *sapiens* to the *homo*, as it were? And if that *was* Coburn's intention, was the title changed to downplay the idea, which would have moved the story away from the strictly factual and into the realms of fantasy? Sadly, Coburn died in 1978, at the dawn of fan knowledge, and he is not known to have recorded his thoughts on the subject.

Ian is rubbing sticks, hoping that if he makes fire, the tribe will let the travellers go. Unaware that he is being watched by Kal, Za passes through the secret entrance to the Cave to

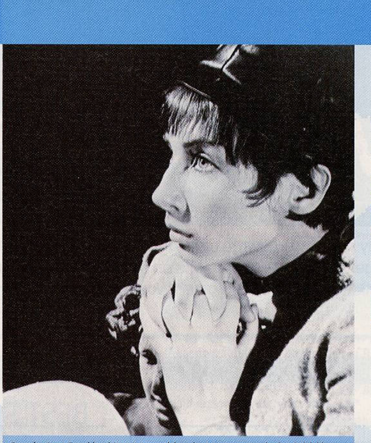
address Ian as 'Friend'. The tribe believes that the travellers must by sacrificed to Orb for fire to be restored – but Za says he will release them if they show him how to make fire. As Ian's kindling smoulders, he and the Doctor explain how the firemaker is the least important member of their tribe, because all of them can make fire. While Horg stirs up the tribespeople, Kal slips out of hiding and enters the Cave. The travellers back away as Kal and Za fight. Za prevails, bringing a rock down on Kal's head.

Since Hussein had little film experience, production assistant Douglas Camfield (later to become a much-admired *Doctor Who* director) oversaw the fight, which was shot as part of October's Ealing session. Intending that Jeremy Young and Derek Newark would perform the grappling and cudgel-swinging themselves, Camfield called upon *Z Cars* fight arranger Derek Ware to advise – but ultimately Ware would double for Young, with stuntman Billy Cornelius playing Za. Both expose distinctly non-Palaeolithic pants during their struggle.

Apparently, Ware also sat in on the editing of the sequence, seeking to tighten it further. Hussein and Lambert had "a terrible fight" about the ending, where Za crushes his opponent's skull with a rock. The director had wanted to hear the "big crunchy splat" of a pumpkin being squashed used as a sound effect here: "She said, 'You can not use that shot.' I said, 'I will or I'll walk out!' She said, 'You won't! You will not walk out and you will not use that shot! You are under contract, Waris!'" (The producer won.)

The travellers are provided with fresh meat, whereupon Za announces that his tribe will join with theirs – permanently. Looking for a way to trick the tribe into freeing them, Susan chances upon a solution. Four skulls placed atop burning torches fool Hur and other of the tribespeople into thinking that the travellers have died – long enough to enable the TARDIS crew to slip past their captors and dash for the forest. Za marshals his people. Bearing torches, they have no reason to fear the forest at night. The time travellers race back to the TARDIS.

Here, the principal cast members are running on the spot while out-of-vision stagehands brush twigs across their faces. Because the 'forest' sets were to be erected in the week of the third episode's recording only, this scene was shot at Ealing over 9-10 October ...

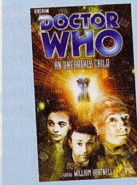


Carole Ann Ford looking 'unearthly' – but not particularly child-like ...

They only just outrun their pursuers – whose spears pass through the disappearing TARDIS as it takes off. The 'blue tree' disappears noisily before the dumbfounded cavemen's eyes.

... as was the travellers' final dash to the TARDIS. The 'spears-passing-through-TARDIS' shot, however, had been test-filmed with the *An Unearthly Child* sequences, back on 19 September.

Coburn's scene breakdown of July 1963 suggested a rather less dramatic climax to the main plot: with Kal dispatched, Ian was to demonstrate lighting a fire, the tribesmen beating their clubs on the ground in appreciation, "trying to emulate Chesterton. Gently he shows them the proper way." Soon: "Doctor Who's thoughts turn to food ... Barbara suggests a barbecue." Inside the TARDIS, "the scanners show them a ring of fire, the torches of the tribe who have gathered to see them go."



Soon, the TARDIS lands once more – but without precise details of the time and place of their departure, the Doctor has been unable to fix the time and place of their next arrival: he cannot return the teachers home.

The reason why the Doctor cannot operate the TARDIS effectively surely has something to do with his notebook (containing "key codes of all the machines in the ship," remember) being left behind – Susan having placed it inside her coat before the coat was used to make a stretcher for Za. In Coburn's scene breakdown, the Doctor does not doubt he can return Ian and Barbara to Totters Lane [sic]: "Doctor Who is sure of his prowess and twirls the dials." When it becomes apparent that they have not landed back in London, Susan points out the distinctly absurd reason why: "Doctor Who has forgotten the extra weight [of Ian and Barbara] and they have overshot the target."

Outside is a gnarled alien jungle. The radiation meter reads normal, but as the travellers exit, they fail to see the dial creep up to read 'DANGER'...

BROADCAST & OTHER MEDIA

First Run *Saturday 23 November - Saturday 13 December 1963*

Doctor Who hit the television trade press well ahead of the programme entering the studio, and *Television Mail* appears to have been first with the news. In a piece headlined *New BBC schedule* published in the issue dated Friday 13 September 1963, it was reported that: "A serial of stories to entertain the whole family, called 'Dr. Who', is to be seen in the early evening on Saturdays for the whole year. The resident characters move from one period in time to another in the course of their adventures." This was expanded upon considerably by *Kinematograph Weekly*'s Tony Gruner in a column published 24 October, titled *ITV can expect a jolt when the BBC launches its 'Dr. Who'*. Here, it was revealed that this "52-week family series" was "a somewhat mysterious type of programme consisting in part of fantasy and realism. But [Sydney] Newman is backing it as a big ratings success, and in fact initiated its format ..."

Quoting Verity Lambert – "this show must please adults as well as children if it is going to be successful" – Gruner concluded that: "With a perfect time spot of 5.25 p.m. on Saturday and with the full resources of the BBC backing Newman's pet project, one can prophesy with some confidence that with 'Dr. Who' the BBC drama group should soon be making its first ratings breakthrough against ITV."

Television Today was rather late off the mark, but found space for a picture of Verity Lambert and Carole Ann Ford on the cover of its issue dated 28 November, where it was noted that *Doctor Who* was "Basically aimed at the 11-14 age group" but "also designed to bridge the family viewing gap between afternoon and evening audiences". However, in the week following transmission of *An Unearthly Child* on 23 November, the industry was altogether more bothered by the TV networks' uncertain response to the assassination of President John F Kennedy the day before. "When the news arrived," editorialised *Television Mail*, "BBC television took time to consider – putting on some records over their revolving globe to fill the gap. Then they decided to go ahead with the extremely funny cavortings of Harry Worth. It was unfortunate they had scheduled this particular programme, not suitable to the mood of the people. But what else could they do?"

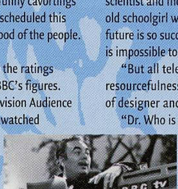
An Unearthly Child failed to figure highly in the ratings charts, ranking just 114th, according to the BBC's figures. Meanwhile, the ITV-commissioned TAM (Television Audience Measurement) league showed that the most-watched programme in the week ending 24 November was a *Conservative Party Broadcast* seen in 9.3 million homes. Second and third were the Monday and Wednesday editions of *Coronation Street*.

A partial blackout on 23 November encouraged the BBC to drop in an unscheduled repeat of *An Unearthly Child* ahead of *The Cave of Skulls*' transmission one week later – a wise move, given the glowing, and prophetic, review afforded this double helping by *Television Today*'s Marjorie Norris on 5 December. Under the headline *Meant for children but this will get a much wider audience*, Norris wrote: "Although Dr. Who is said to have been written for the 10-14 year olds, I feel sure that if it keeps up the high standard of the first two episodes it will capture a much wider audience. It has certainly captured me.

"So far it promises to be an imaginative and intelligently written story, with four first-class actors carrying the burden of continuity. Jacqueline Hill and William Russell make two young teachers of the conscientious kind who would believably be worried about the strange pupil who seems to know so much more than they do about history and science.

"William Hartnell makes a more than welcome return to television in a pastiche of absent-minded professor, space age scientist and mediaeval wizard. The difficult role of a 15-year-old schoolgirl with supernatural knowledge of the past and the future is so successfully carried by Carol Anne Ford [sic] that it is impossible to imagine anyone else in the part.

"But all televised science fiction leans heavily on the resourcefulness of the technicians and the imaginativeness of designer and producer.



"Dr. Who is superlatively well served in these respects. Ron Grainer has excelled himself with the music he has composed for the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. The Visual Effects Department have succeeded in transporting me through time and space more satisfactorily than I can recall ever having journeyed before – and that includes the cinema with all the trick effects at its disposal."

In this and the remaining two weeks of *100,000 BC*'s transmission, the TV charts were topped by the Monday and Wednesday *Corries*. Meanwhile, *Doctor Who*'s figures improved steadily, threatening seven million for *The Forest of Fear*. This, however, may have had more than a little to do with the fact that 7 December had been dubbed 'Beatle Saturday', on the evening of which pop sensations John, Paul, George and Ringo appeared in a special edition of *Juke Box Jury* and again in a showcase programme titled *It's the Beatles*. Both of these made an unusual BBC-shaped dent in the JICTAR Top 20, ranking seventh and tenth respectively.

DWM AWARDS 2002

You'd think we'd have learned by now, but we were once again overwhelmed by the response to our annual survey. Thousands of you sent your votes in, all eager to tell us your opinions on the latest output from BBC Books, Big Finish, Telos, and, of course, **DW**M itself! So did Chimes of Midnight hit the right note? Would you swap Trading Futures for Hope? Read on and find out ...

Results compiled by **Edward Salt** Commentary by **Tom Spilsbury**

EIGHTH DOCTOR NOVELS

BEST EDA

Rank	Title	Average/10
1	**Camera Obscura**	**7.96**
2	The Crooked World	7.30
3	Anachrophobia	7.28
4	Time Zero	7.12
5	Hope	6.67
6	Mad Dogs and Englishmen	6.47
7	Trading Futures	6.46
8	History 101	5.90
9	The Book of the Still	5.89
10	The Infinity Race	5.87

"I'm ... I think the word is 'chuffed.' If it is, I'm chuffed. Unless that turns out to mean something rude! I'm really happy so many people enjoyed the book, though I think it's important to remember that I was in a position to write the big 'The Doctor vs Sabbath' story, which was going to be pretty irresistible no matter what."

Camera Obscura author **LLOYD ROSE**

Lloyd Rose's *Camera Obscura* was a comfortable winner, following the good reception of her novel *The City of the Dead* last year. "This book sets a new high in the range. Pure class!" said **Barnaby Jones** in Gloucester. **Paul Laville** in Wiltshire added: "A magnificent novel, wrapped in atmosphere." Meanwhile, Steve Lyons' toon-tastic *The Crooked World* proved to be anything but two-dimensional, and its high scoring showed it to be another of the year's big successes. Not everyone was as enamoured with the BBC Books output this year, though, with **Andrew Garrett** of Waltham Cross commenting "History 101 was one book I took the option of throwing away rather than completing." And some voters seem to be getting a little behind on their reading. **David Stevens** of Tring told us, "I can't keep up! I will let you know my favourite releases of 2002 in about five years' time ..." Tsk!

Eighth Doctor novels 1
2
3

BEST SUPPORTING CHARACTER

Rank	Character (novel)	% vote
1	**Sabbath (*History 101*)**	**36.26**
2	Noel Coward (*Mad Dogs and Englishmen*)	13.23
3	Jasper (*Crooked World*)	11.96
4	Silver (*Hope*)	8.75
5	Streaky Bacon (*Crooked World*)	8.22

After being the runner-up last year, recurring baddie Sabbath easily came out on top, beating off playwright Noel Coward from *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*. "After his stint as a replacement Master, Sabbath has really captured my attention more than any other character," commented **Ken Moss** of Preston.

PAST DOCTOR NOVELS

BEST PDA

Rank	Title	Average/10
1	**Short Trips: Zodiac**	**7.60**
2	Foreign Devils (Novella)	7.58
3	Relative Dementias	7.16
4	Heritage	7.11
5	Amorality Tale	6.83
6	The Suns of Caresh	6.62
7	Ten Little Aliens	6.33
8	Palace of the Red Sun	6.10
9	Warmonger	5.96
10	Drift	5.91
11	Ghost Ship (Novella)	5.84
12	Night Dreamers (Novella)	5.53
13	Citadel of Dreams (Novella)	5.53
14	Combat Rock	5.32

Past Doctor novels 1
2

"The short story is an art form that's often neglected these days, but it's a wonderfully exciting one. Creating Zodiac was a bit of a rollercoaster – but we put our hearts and souls into it, so it's wonderful to hear that people have enjoyed it. That's what it's all about!"

Short Trips: Zodiac editor **JACQUELINE RAYNER**

Big Finish's first *Short Trips* collection of short stories, *Zodiac*, led the field here, marginally beating Andrew Cartmel's *Foreign Devils* novella. "The short story collections have been better than anything put out under the BBC Books banner!" claimed **Mark Kinwood** of Leeds. In fact BBC Books had to wait until third place, which was taken by Mark Michalowski's Seventh Doctor novel *Relative Dementias*.

BEST SUPPORTING CHARACTER

Rank	Character (novel)	% vote
1	**Carnacki (*Foreign Devils*)**	**31.99**
2	Tommy Ramsay (*Amorality Tale*)	10.72
3	Troy Game (*Suns of Caresh*)	8.22
4	Miss Gallowglass (*Relative Dementias*)	5.72
5	Brick (*Amorality Tale*)	4.99

"Both Carnacki and his creator, William Hope Hodgson, would appreciate the irony of winning a literary award from beyond the grave – or from another circle of existence, as Carnacki might put it. I accept it most gratefully on their behalf."

Foreign Devils author **ANDREW CARTMEL**

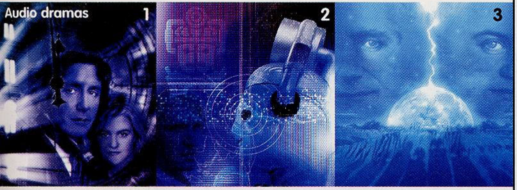
Although *Foreign Devils* wasn't quite able to top the main poll, there was no doubt over the popularity of the character of Carnacki from the novella.

BEST AUDIO DRAMA

Rank	Title	Average/10
1	The Chimes of Midnight	8.86
2	Spare Parts	8.75
3	Neverland	8.16
4	The Church and the Crown	7.77
5	Bang-Bang-a-Boom!	7.32
6	Seasons of Fear	7.27
7	Real Time	6.93
8	The Time of the Daleks	6.77
9	Excelis Dawns	6.68
10	Invaders from Mars	6.64
11	The Maltese Penguin	6.56
12	Embrace the Darkness	6.43
13	Excelis Rising	6.40
14	The Sandman	6.25
15	...Ish	5.79
16	Excelis Decays	5.30
17	The Rapture	4.84

"I had lots of nightmares writing Chimes of Midnight *– less to do with haunted houses than deadlines and my fear that it was all a bit rubbish, really. So I'm over the moon that so many people like it – and very grateful to director Barnaby Edwards, ERS studios, and a terrific cast for making me like it too! These stories are always collaborative efforts ... and never more so than here."*

The Chimes of Midnight author **ROB SHEARMAN**



The Chimes of Midnight won universally high praise. "Excellent from start to finish!" said **Christopher Loftus** of Birmingham. Such was its support, that the similarly-strong vote for *Spare Parts* could only see the Cyber-tale nab second spot. However, for many this was the year's definitive story: "*Spare Parts* is to Cybermen what *Genesis* was to the Daleks. Big Finish's finest hour," said **Martin Jeffery** in Basingstoke.

BEST EPISODE

Rank	Story	Episode	% vote
1	The Chimes of Midnight	Part One	18.13
2	Neverland	Part Two	11.25
3	Spare Parts	Part One	5.36
=	Spare Parts	Part Three	5.36
5	The Chimes of Midnight	Part Two	4.38
=	Spare Parts	Part Four	4.38

The Chimes of Midnight and *Spare Parts* dominate this category, reflecting their high placings in the overall Best Story category. "It was a relief to put the lights on after listening to Part One of *Chimes!*" said **Simon Curtis** of Malmesbury. **Duncan Hurwood** in Coventry agreed: "You desperately want to know what will happen next – the mark of a good story!"

BEST CLIFFHANGER

Rank	Story	Episode	% vote
1	Neverland	Part Two	31.25
2	The Chimes of Midnight	Part One	9.73
3	The Chimes of Midnight	Part Two	5.36
4	Seasons of Fear	Part Three	4.38
5	Embrace the Darkness	Part One	4.11
=	Spare Parts	Part Three	4.11

"I am Zagreus!"

ZAGREUS, Neverland

The end-of-story cliffhanger to *Zagreus* was the overwhelmingly popular choice, which goes to prove that a cliffhanger works all the better when you have to wait for a while for the continuation. "It's the second time we have to wait 18 months to hear the resolution – and it's far better than *Revelation of the Daleks*' 'I'll take you to ...'" said **Stephen Launay** of Fareham. Well quite.

BEST MUSIC

Rank	Story	% vote
1	The Chimes of Midnight	23.25
2	Spare Parts	11.45
3	The Rapture	9.28
4	Bang-Bang-a-Boom!	8.92
5	Excelis Dawns	7.23

"A very big thank you to everyone who voted for my score for Chimes. *I feel proud of my association with yet another of Rob Shearman's dark and deviant dramas and to receive an award is the cherry on the cake (or should that be 'the plum in the pudding'?). Special mention must also go to Andy Hardwick of ERS for his unsettling sound design and all round class job."*

The Chimes of Midnight composer, **RUSSELL STONE**

The haunting score for *The Chimes of Midnight* received more than twice as many votes as its nearest contender, marking a second successive victory for composer Russell Stone. "The music for *Chimes* was a huge part of making the story as spooky and effective as it was," said **Alison Roberts** in Leeds.

BEST ACTOR

Rank (last year)	Actor (Character)	% vote
1 (2)	Paul McGann (the Eighth Doctor)	42.39
2 (1)	Colin Baker (the Sixth Doctor)	23.19
3 (3)	Peter Davison (the Fifth Doctor)	11.59
4 (-)	Anthony Head (Grayvorn – *Excelis*)	5.07
5 (-)	Don Warrington (Rassilon – *Neverland*)	3.99
6 (-)	Paul Copley (Dad – *Spare Parts*)	2.54
7 (-)	Derren Nesbit (Dodd – *Spare Parts*)	2.17
8 (-)	Robert Jezek (Frobisher)	1.81
= (6)	Sylvester McCoy (the Seventh Doctor)	1.81
10 (-)	Lennox Greaves (Shaughnessy – *Chimes*)	1.09

"I'm very proud to have been voted the best actor in the **DWM** *survey. The Big Finish guys are great to work with, and I'm looking forward to the next ones!"*

PAUL McGANN

Paul McGann rose from second to first place, blocking Colin Baker from a second successive victory. **James Van-Der Heiden** in London was impressed by the Eighth Doctor's development: "Since the start of the Big Finish audios, Colin Baker has consistently been the best actor. However, this year was Paul McGann's! He is outstanding as the Doctor." James wasn't alone in his praise: "With each new audio, McGann establishes himself more and more as the Doctor," added **David Stevens** of Hertfordshire.

BEST ACTRESS

Rank (last year)	Actress (Character)	% vote
1 (1)	India Fisher (Charley)	37.31
2 (2)	Maggie Stables (Evelyn)	18.12
3 (-)	Katy Manning (Iris Wildthyme – *Excelis*)	11.59
4 (-)	Lalla Ward (Romana)	5.80
5 (4)	Bonnie Langford (Melanie)	4.71
6 (-)	Caroline Morris (Erimem)	3.62
= (5)	Nicola Bryant (Peri)	3.62
8 (-)	Sally Knyvette (Sisterman Allen – *Spare Parts*)	2.90
9 (10)	Sarah Sutton (Nyssa)	2.54
10 (5)	Sophie Aldred (Ace)	2.17

"I am, of course, absolutely delighted to have been voted top actress. Charley is such a brilliant character to play – I love recording the stories and after four years I really feel part of the Doctor Who family. Thank you to everyone who voted and here's to an exciting future for Doctor Who!"

INDIA FISHER

For the second year on the trot, India Fisher walked away with the Best Actress gong, for her role as the Eighth Doctor's companion Charley Pollard.

"*Neverland* made me realise what a truly powerful actress India Fisher is. Never underestimate her talents." said **Barnaby Jones**. Other audio companions also had strong support, with Maggie Stables' Evelyn proving particularly popular.

BEST SUPPORTING CHARACTER

Rank	Character (audio)	% vote
1	**Iris Wildthyme (*Excelis*)**	**43.75**
2	**Grayvorn (*Excelis*)**	8.48
3	**Sebastian Grayle (*Seasons of Fear*)**	8.13
4	**Romana**	5.98
5	**Edith (*Chimes of Midnight*)**	5.63

Former TV companion Katy Manning seems to be just as popular as Iris Wildthyme in Big Finish's *Excelis* mini-series. "Iris is brilliant and funny!" said **Mrs Michelle Smart** in Birmingham, who listens to the CDs with daughters **Helen** (13) and **Lucy** (10). "Katy Manning astounded me – she really brought Iris to life!" enthused **David Stevens** in Hertfordshire. "Absolutely luscious!" agreed **Brian P Huelin** of Dudley. I think we have a hit on our hands ...

COMIC STRIPS

BEST DWM STRIP

Rank	Title	Average/10
1	**Children of the Revolution**	**7.88**
2	**Uroboros**	7.43
3	**Me and My Shadow**	7.42

"I'm very pleased to see Children win this year, as it features the comic strip début of Lee Sullivan's electronic saxophone – it played the Argus."

Children of the Revolution writer **SCOTT GRAY**

The six-part Dalek epic *Children of the Revolution* was the clear winner here, with *Uroboros* just edging out the one-part *Me and My Shadow* for the silver medal position. "The ending of *Children* with Izzy's capture was an unexpected twist," said **Mike Lord** of Wantage. Several readers pointed out that the comic strip is always of a consistently high standard ... "The comic strip gets better every issue! Congratulations to Scott Gray on such a consistent, well-plotted, engrossing and downright touching run of stories!" said **Nathan Grover** in California.

OTHER AWARDS

BEST WRITER (books/audios/comics)

Rank	(last year)	Writer	% vote
1	(-)	**Robert Shearman**	**36.13**
2	(2)	**Marc Platt**	14.60
3	(4)	**Alan Barnes**	8.03
4	(-)	**Justin Richards**	5.47
5	(7)	**Scott Gray**	4.01
=	(-)	**Paul Magrs**	4.01
7	(-)	**Terrance Dicks**	3.28
=	(-)	**Mark Gatiss**	3.28
9	(9)	**Steve Lyons**	2.92
10	(10)	**Lloyd Rose**	2.55

"When I was twelve years old, I desperately wanted to be a Doctor Who writer, and came up with storylines involving Sontarans and Autons that were nicked wholesale from the Programme Guide. But although the show had disappeared from the screens by the time I could think up stories of my own, it had so inspired me that I damn well became a writer anyway! That Big Finish has allowed me to live that childhood dream has been a bit like Jim'll Fix It – I'm incredibly proud of this. Thank you!"

ROB SHEARMAN

Following an earlier triumph with 2000's *The Holy Terror*, Rob Shearman's *The Chimes of Midnight* helped the writer to claim the top spot in this category. "Is it possible for Rob to write a bad story?" question **Yvette Grady** in Hertfordshire. No, Yvette, we don't think it is. Marc Platt found himself in second place for the second year in a row. **Timothy McKee** in Colchester was impressed: "*Spare Parts* has proved that Platt's reputation as a fine *Doctor Who* writer is well-earned."

BEST COVER (books/audios)

Rank	Cover	% vote
1	**Spare Parts**	**32.50**
2	**Drift**	7.86
3	**Neverland**	7.50
4	**The Chimes of Midnight**	7.23
5	**The Rapture**	6.88

Clayton Hickman's cover for *Spare Parts* was always on course to win. "Hickman has an eye for intriguing composition," said **Andrew Garett** of Walthram Cross.

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

FAVOURITE OVERALL ISSUE

Rank	Issue	% vote
1	**Issue 319**	**22.81**
2	**Issue 313**	16.52
3	**Issue 322**	11.19

2002 will be remembered as the year *Doctor Who* lost its greatest ambassador, John Nathan-Turner, and **DWM**'s tribute to the producer in issue 319 made it the only possible choice for many readers. "An excellent tribute to a great man," remarked **Stephen Launay**. "JNT would be proud," added **Edward Hipkiss**.

FAVOURITE COVER

DOCTOR WHO
WE WANT YOU

Rank	Issue	% vote
1	**Issue 320**	**19.75**
2	**Issue 316**	18.73
3	**Issue 322**	12.18

"We Want You!" cried the cover of **DWM** 320, and the feeling was mutual, as you voted it your favourite of the year. Also popular was Adrian Salmon's Troughton-tastic cover for **DWM** 316, and the technicolor Hartnell for issue 322.

FAVOURITE SPECIAL FEATURE

Rank	Issue	% vote
1	**Guess Who?**	**20.95**
2	**Tales from the Fiction Factory**	14.78
3	**The Greatest Showman in the Galaxy**	11.95
4	**Sometimes the Ace, Sometimes the Deuces**	9.69
5	**How to Make Fans and Influence People**	7.88

Gareth Roberts' four-part examination of what makes the Doctor tick took the top prize here, with *Guess Who?* garnering a fifth of the votes. "My kind of article!" enthused **Elton Townend-Jones** of St Albans. The two tributes to JNT (*Greatest Showman* and *Sometimes the Ace ...*), perhaps inevitably split the vote.

FAVOURITE INTERVIEW

Rank	Interviewee	% vote
1	**Colin Baker**	**67.14**
2	**Douglas Adams**	6.61
3	**Peter Davison**	6.25
4	**Derek Ware**	4.11
5	**Christopher Barry**	2.86

Was there ever any doubt? Benjamin Cook's mammoth chat with the man who was the Sixth Doctor ran away with it. **Chris Winwood** in Worcester summed up the reaction: "A year of wonderful interviews, but Colin steals all thunder."

FAVOURITE REGULAR FEATURE

Rank	(last year)	Feature	% vote
1	(3)	**Gallifrey Guardian**	**20.92**
2	(2)	**The Time Team**	18.28
3	(1)	**The DWM Review**	15.04
4	(4)	**The DWM Archive**	12.03
5	(5)	**Comic Strip**	10.27

"In these days of internet sites being updated daily, it's to **DWM**'s credit that *Gallifrey Guardian* can still come up with exclusives on a regular basis," said **Gareth Pugh** of Acton. Meanwhile, *The Time Team* and *The DWM Review* are as popular as ever. Until next year ...! DWM

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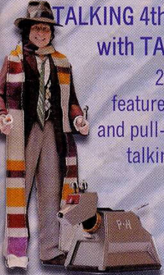

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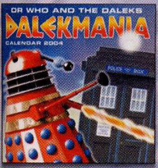

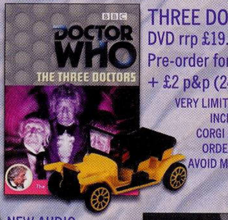

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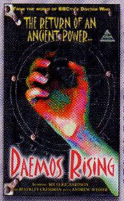

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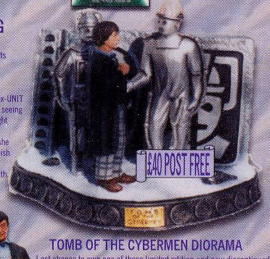

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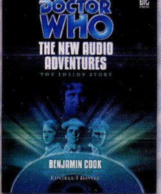

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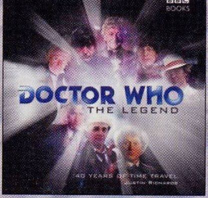

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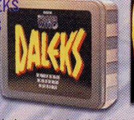

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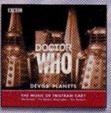

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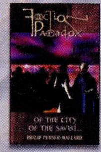

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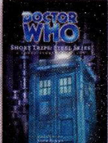

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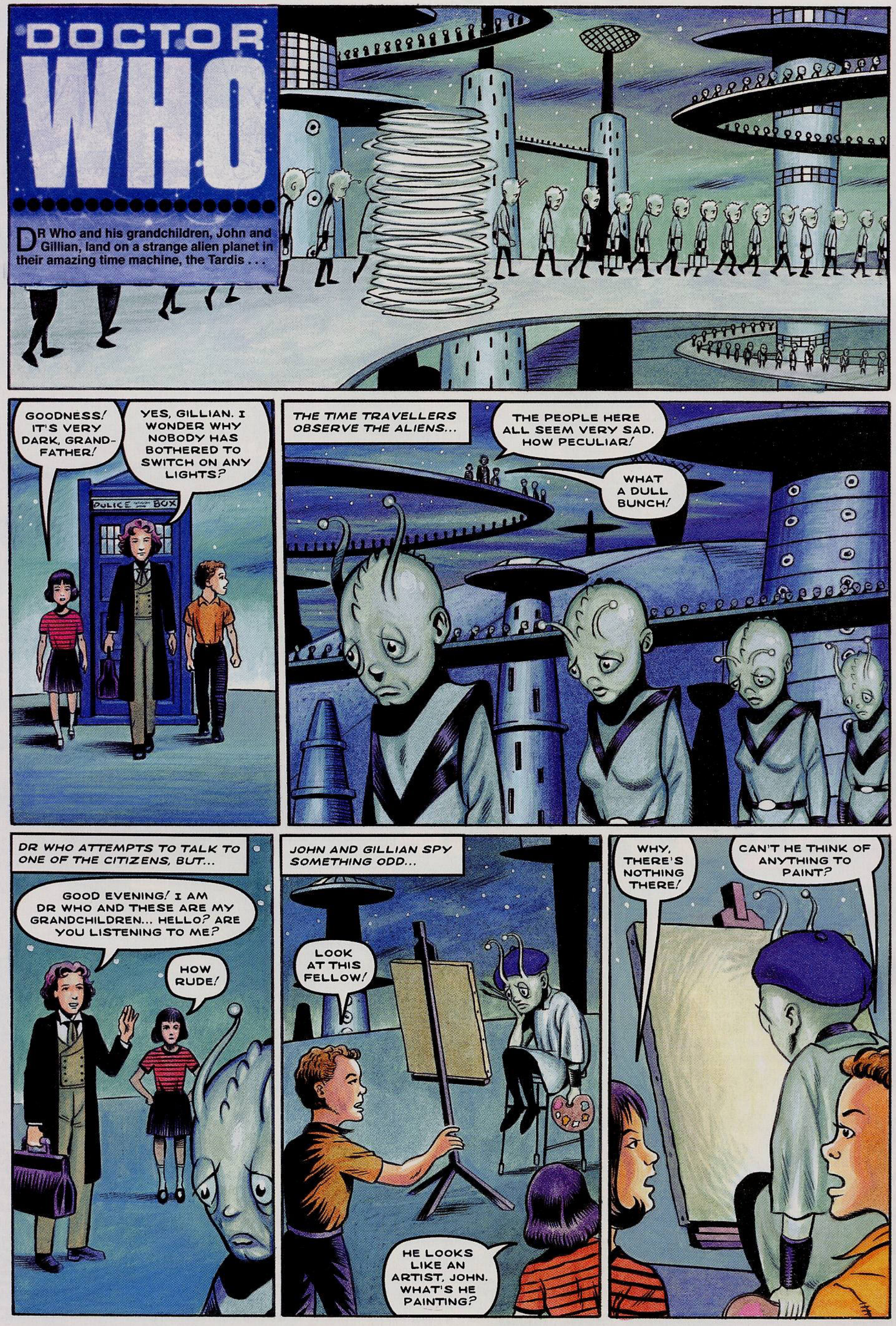
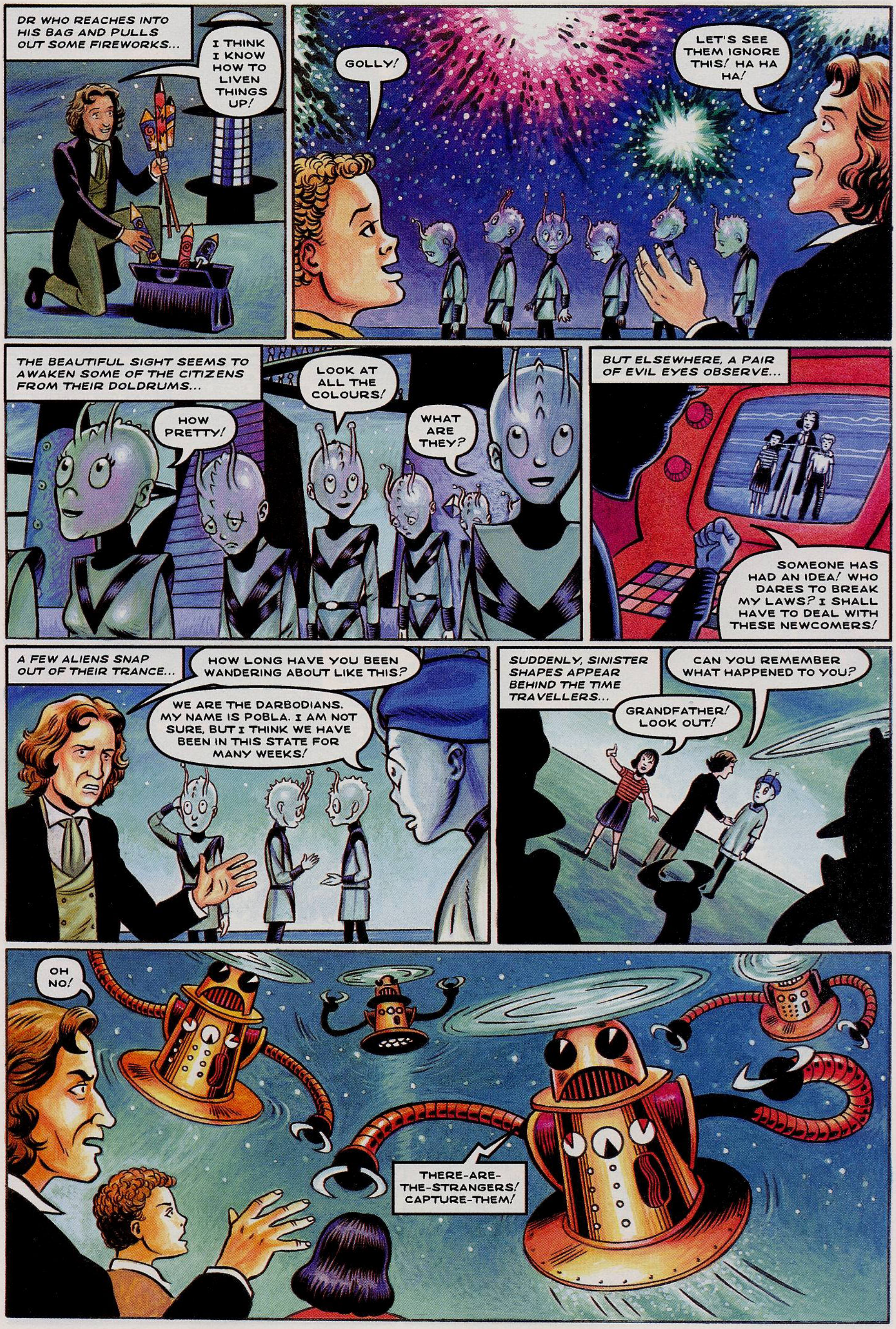
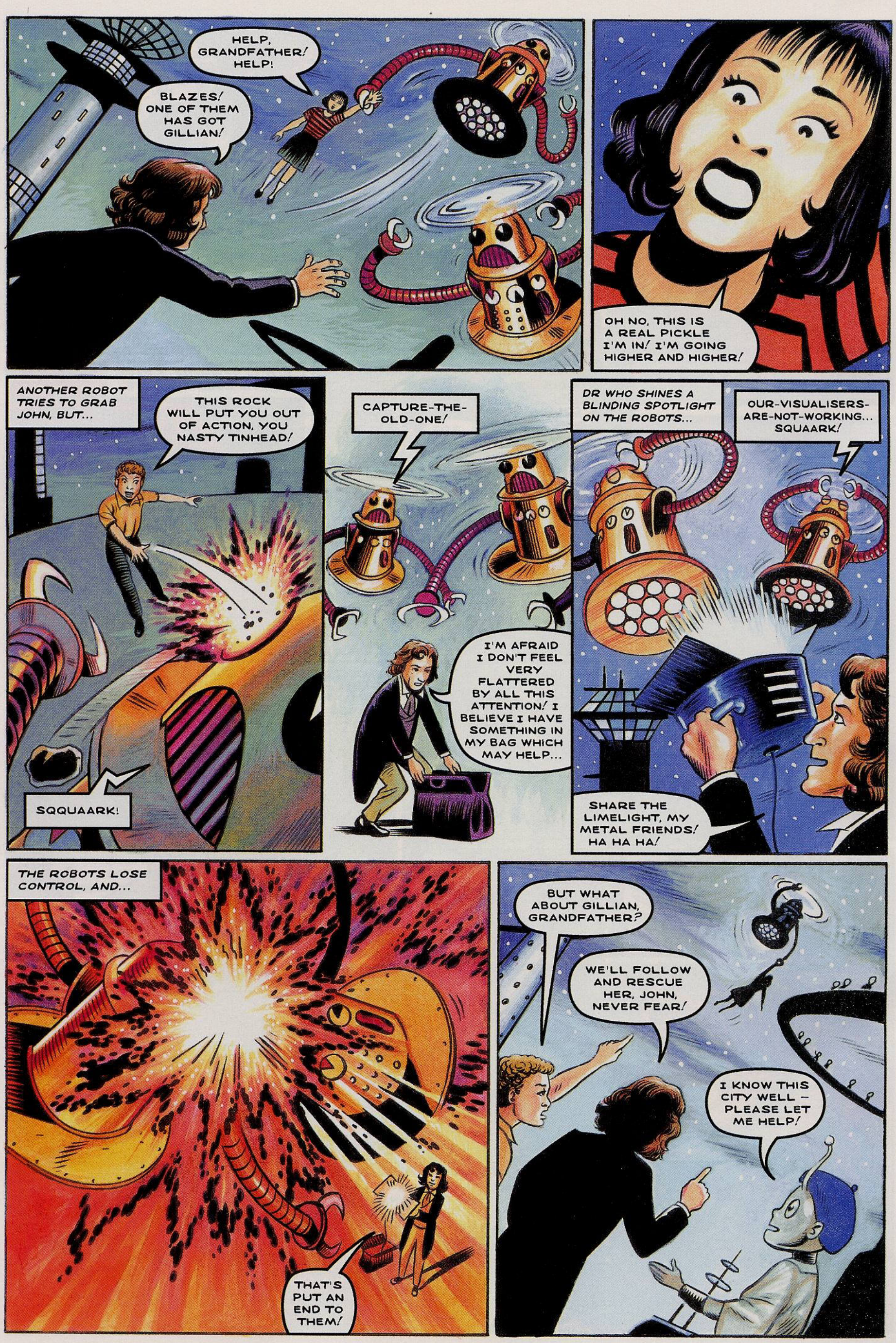
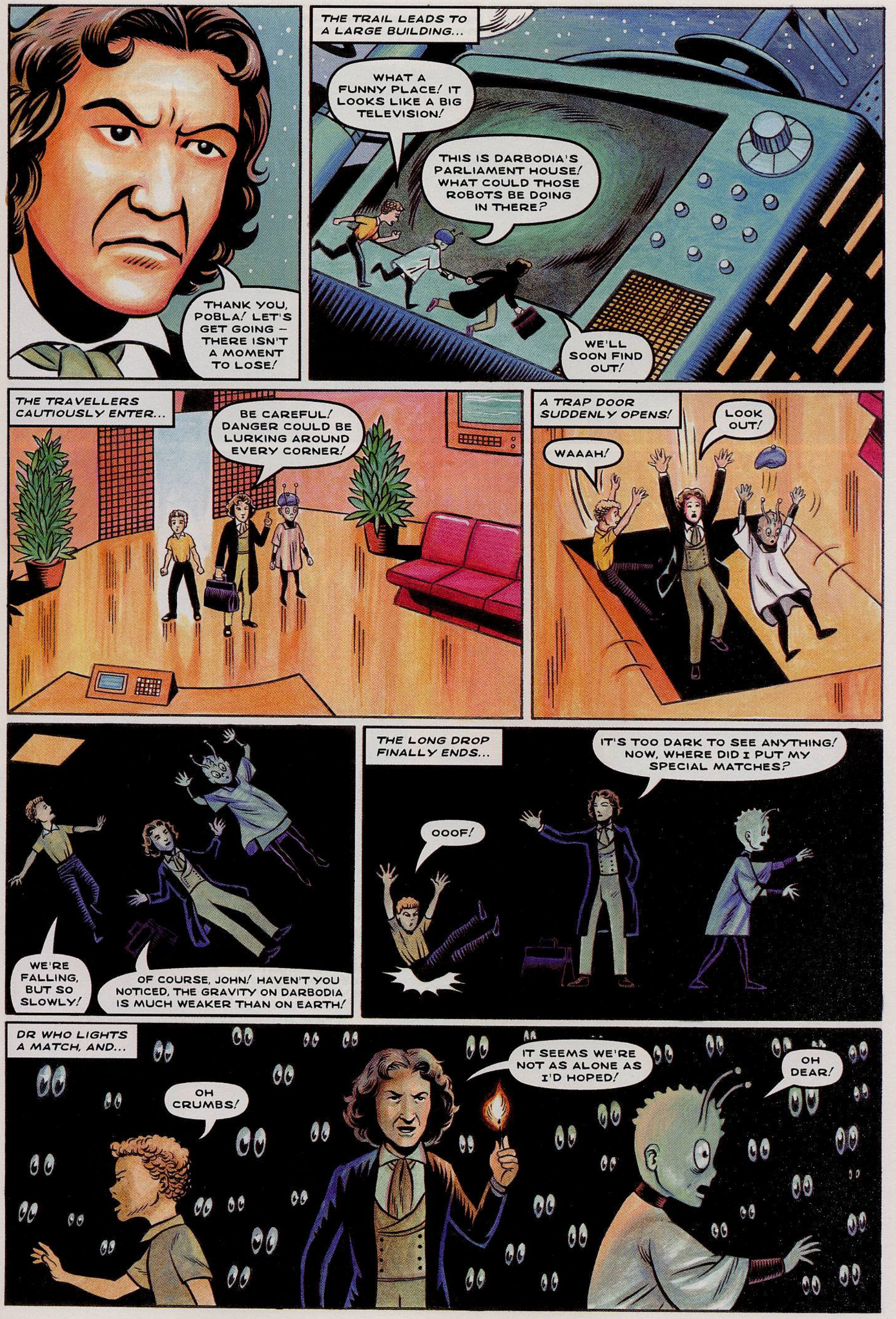


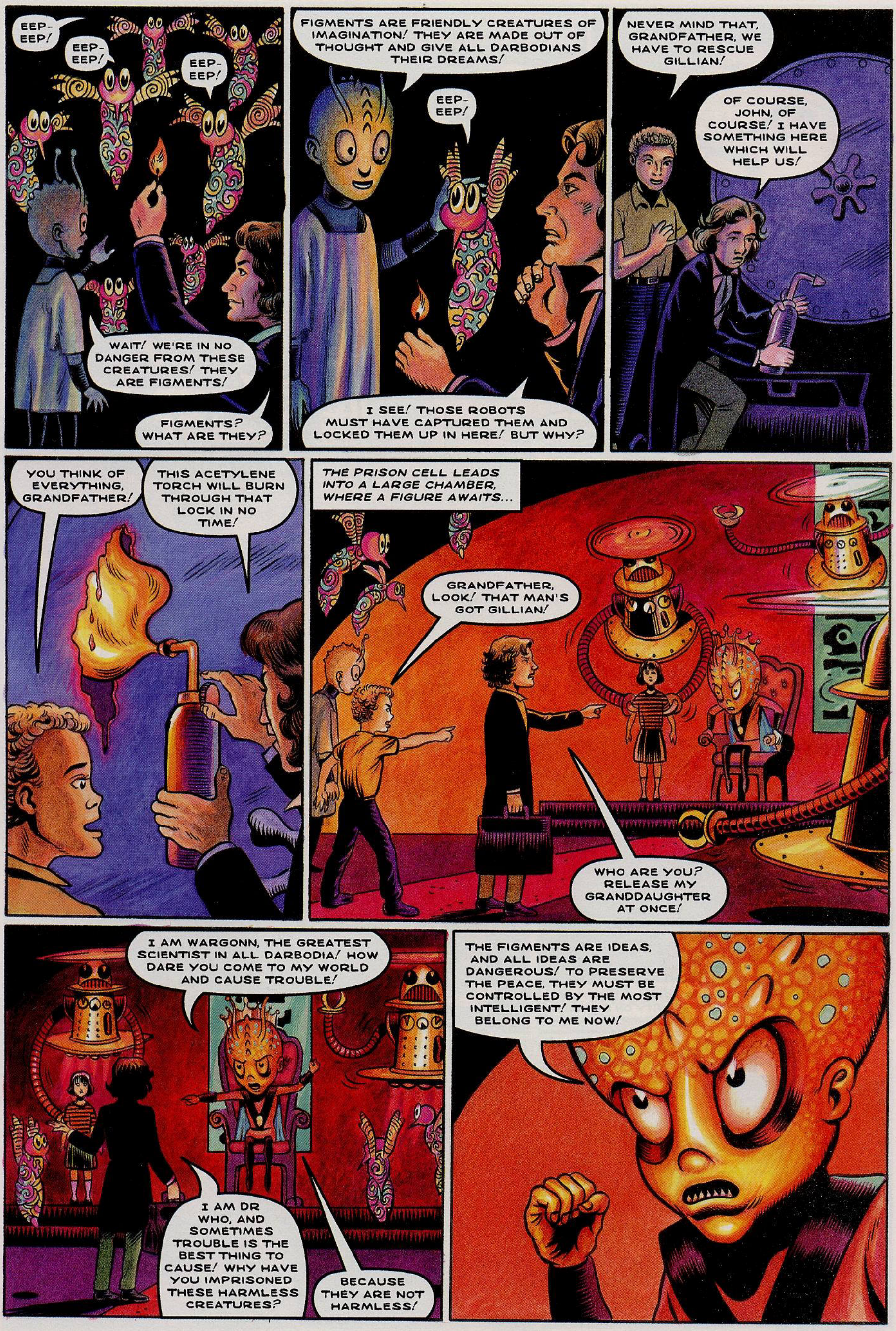
DOCTOR WHO
GOODNESS! IT'S VERY DARK, GRANDFATHER!
YES, GILLIAN. I WONDER WHY NOBODY HAS BOTHERED TO SWITCH ON ANY LIGHTS?
POLICE BOX
THE TIME TRAVELLERS OBSERVE THE ALIENS...
THE PEOPLE HERE ALL SEEM VERY SAD. HOW PECULIAR!
WHAT A DULL BUNCH!
DR WHO ATTEMPTS TO TALK TO ONE OF THE CITIZENS, BUT...
GOOD EVENING! I AM DR WHO AND THESE ARE MY GRANDCHILDREN... HELLO? ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
HOW RUDE!
JOHN AND GILLIAN SPY SOMETHING ODD...
LOOK AT THIS FELLOW!
HE LOOKS LIKE AN ARTIST, JOHN. WHAT'S HE PAINTING?
WHY, THERE'S NOTHING THERE!
CAN'T HE THINK OF ANYTHING TO PAINT?

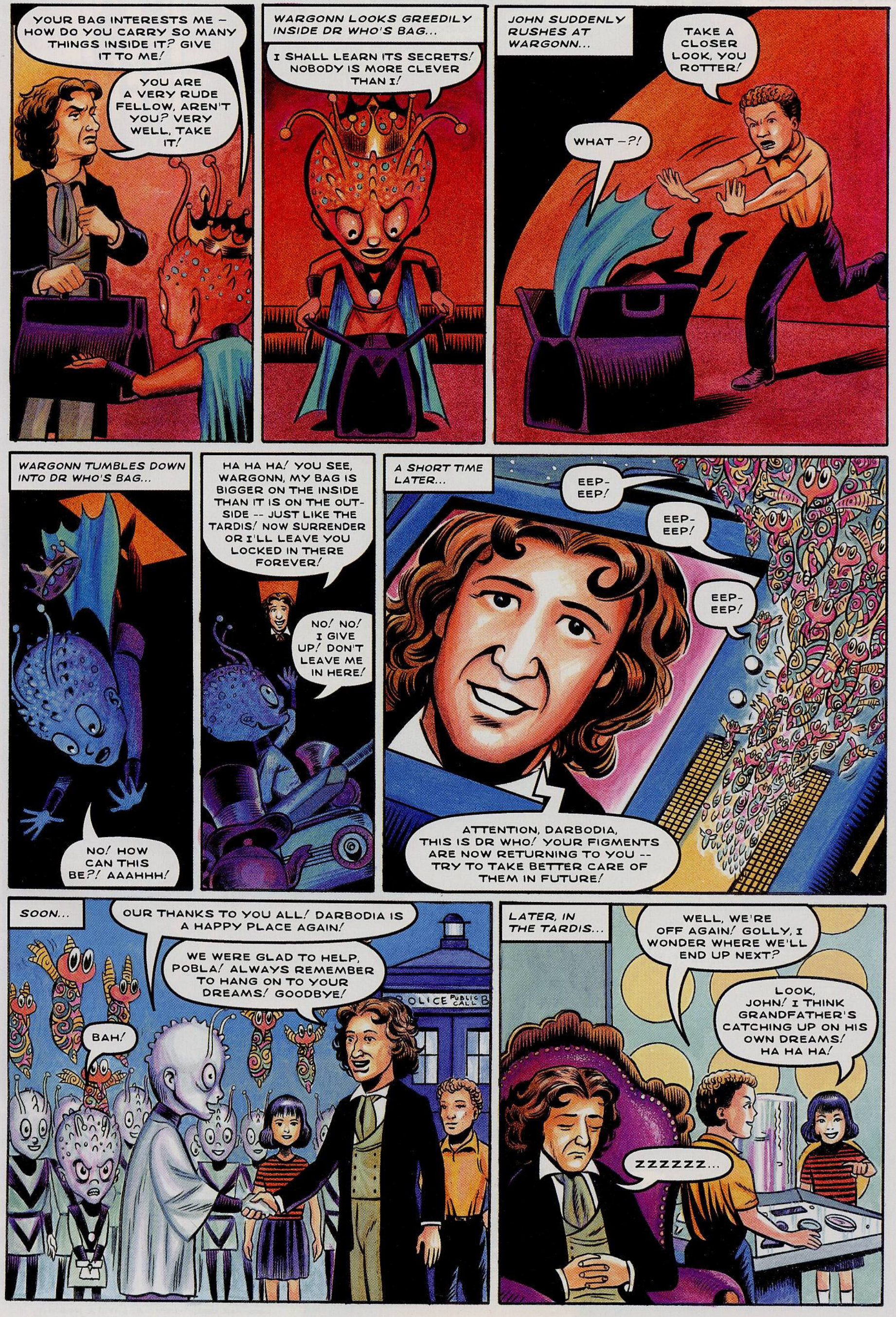
DR Who and his grandchildren, John and Gillian, land on a strange alien planet in their amazing time machine, the Tardis . . .

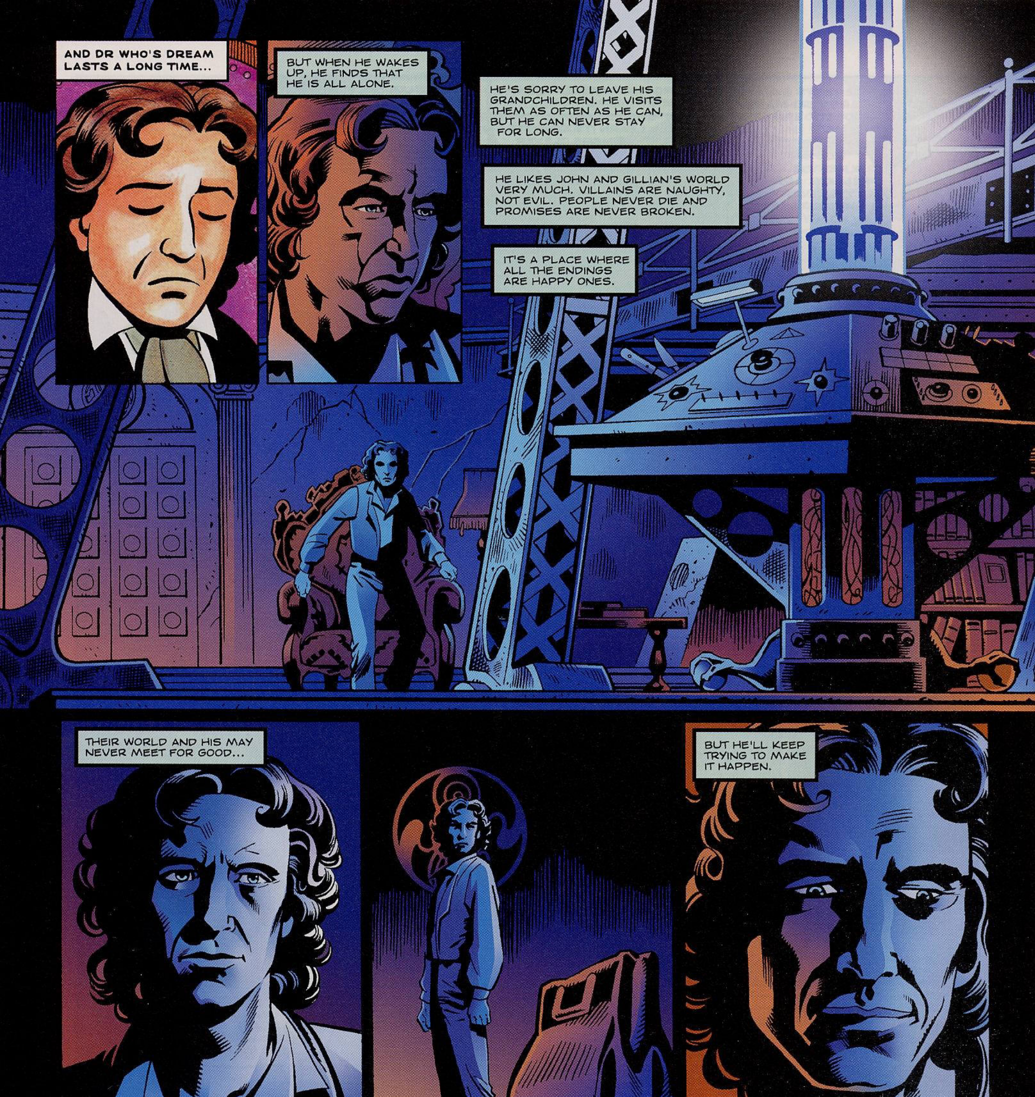

DR WHO REACHES INTO HIS BAG AND PULLS OUT SOME FIREWORKS...
I THINK I KNOW HOW TO LIVEN THINGS UP!
GOLLY!
LET'S SEE THEM IGNORE THIS! HA HA HA!
THE BEAUTIFUL SIGHT SEEMS TO AWAKEN SOME OF THE CITIZENS FROM THEIR DOLDRUMS...
HOW PRETTY!
LOOK AT ALL THE COLOURS!
WHAT ARE THEY?
BUT ELSEWHERE, A PAIR OF EVIL EYES OBSERVE...
SOMEONE HAS HAD AN IDEA! WHO DARES TO BREAK MY LAWS? I SHALL HAVE TO DEAL WITH THESE NEWCOMERS!
A FEW ALIENS SNAP OUT OF THEIR TRANCE...
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WANDERING ABOUT LIKE THIS?
WE ARE THE DARBODIANS. MY NAME IS POBLA. I AM NOT SURE, BUT I THINK WE HAVE BEEN IN THIS STATE FOR MANY WEEKS!
SUDDENLY, SINISTER SHAPES APPEAR BEHIND THE TIME TRAVELLERS...
CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
GRANDFATHER! LOOK OUT!
OH NO!
THERE-ARE-THE-STRANGERS! CAPTURE-THEM!


HELP, GRANDFATHER! HELP!
BLAZES! ONE OF THEM HAS GOT GILLIAN!
OH NO, THIS IS A REAL PICKLE I'M IN! I'M GOING HIGHER AND HIGHER!
ANOTHER ROBOT TRIES TO GRAB JOHN, BUT...
THIS ROCK WILL PUT YOU OUT OF ACTION, YOU NASTY TINHEAD!
SQQUAARK!
CAPTURE-THE-OLD-ONE!
I'M AFRAID I DON'T FEEL VERY FLATTERED BY ALL THIS ATTENTION! I BELIEVE I HAVE SOMETHING IN MY BAG WHICH MAY HELP...
DR WHO SHINES A BLINDING SPOTLIGHT ON THE ROBOTS...
OUR-VISUALISERS-ARE-NOT-WORKING... SQUAARK!
SHARE THE LIMELIGHT, MY METAL FRIENDS! HA HA HA!
THE ROBOTS LOSE CONTROL, AND...
THAT'S PUT AN END TO THEM!
BUT WHAT ABOUT GILLIAN, GRANDFATHER?
WE'LL FOLLOW AND RESCUE HER, JOHN, NEVER FEAR!
I KNOW THIS CITY WELL — PLEASE LET ME HELP!


THANK YOU, POBLA! LET'S GET GOING – THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!
THE TRAIL LEADS TO A LARGE BUILDING...
WHAT A FUNNY PLACE! IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG TELEVISION!
THIS IS DARBODIA'S PARLIAMENT HOUSE! WHAT COULD THOSE ROBOTS BE DOING IN THERE?
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
THE TRAVELLERS CAUTIOUSLY ENTER...
BE CAREFUL! DANGER COULD BE LURKING AROUND EVERY CORNER!
A TRAP DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS!
LOOK OUT!
WAAAH!
WE'RE FALLING, BUT SO SLOWLY!
OF COURSE, JOHN! HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED, THE GRAVITY ON DARBODIA IS MUCH WEAKER THAN ON EARTH!
THE LONG DROP FINALLY ENDS...
IT'S TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING! NOW, WHERE DID I PUT MY SPECIAL MATCHES?
OOOF!
DR WHO LIGHTS A MATCH, AND...
OH CRUMBS!
IT SEEMS WE'RE NOT AS ALONE AS I'D HOPED!
OH DEAR!


EEP-EEP!
EEP-EEP!
EEP-EEP!
WAIT! WE'RE IN NO DANGER FROM THESE CREATURES! THEY ARE FIGMENTS!
FIGMENTS? WHAT ARE THEY?
FIGMENTS ARE FRIENDLY CREATURES OF IMAGINATION! THEY ARE MADE OUT OF THOUGHT AND GIVE ALL DARBODIANS THEIR DREAMS!
EEP-EEP!
I SEE! THOSE ROBOTS MUST HAVE CAPTURED THEM AND LOCKED THEM UP IN HERE! BUT WHY?
NEVER MIND THAT, GRANDFATHER, WE HAVE TO RESCUE GILLIAN!
OF COURSE, JOHN, OF COURSE! I HAVE SOMETHING HERE WHICH WILL HELP US!
YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, GRANDFATHER!
THIS ACETYLENE TORCH WILL BURN THROUGH THAT LOCK IN NO TIME!
THE PRISON CELL LEADS INTO A LARGE CHAMBER, WHERE A FIGURE AWAITS...
GRANDFATHER, LOOK! THAT MAN'S GOT GILLIAN!
WHO ARE YOU? RELEASE MY GRANDDAUGHTER AT ONCE!
I AM WARGONN, THE GREATEST SCIENTIST IN ALL DARBODIA! HOW DARE YOU COME TO MY WORLD AND CAUSE TROUBLE!
I AM DR WHO, AND SOMETIMES TROUBLE IS THE BEST THING TO CAUSE! WHY HAVE YOU IMPRISONED THESE HARMLESS CREATURES?
BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT HARMLESS!
THE FIGMENTS ARE IDEAS, AND ALL IDEAS ARE DANGEROUS! TO PRESERVE THE PEACE, THEY MUST BE CONTROLLED BY THE MOST INTELLIGENT! THEY BELONG TO ME NOW!


YOUR BAG INTERESTS ME — HOW DO YOU CARRY SO MANY THINGS INSIDE IT? GIVE IT TO ME!
YOU ARE A VERY RUDE FELLOW, AREN'T YOU? VERY WELL, TAKE IT!
WARGONN LOOKS GREEDILY INSIDE DR WHO'S BAG...
I SHALL LEARN ITS SECRETS! NOBODY IS MORE CLEVER THAN I!
JOHN SUDDENLY RUSHES AT WARGONN...
TAKE A CLOSER LOOK, YOU ROTTER!
WHAT —?!
WARGONN TUMBLES DOWN INTO DR WHO'S BAG...
NO! HOW CAN THIS BE?! AAAHHH!
HA HA HA! YOU SEE, WARGONN, MY BAG IS BIGGER ON THE INSIDE THAN IT IS ON THE OUTSIDE -- JUST LIKE THE TARDIS! NOW SURRENDER OR I'LL LEAVE YOU LOCKED IN THERE FOREVER!
NO! NO! I GIVE UP! DON'T LEAVE ME IN HERE!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
EEP-EEP!
EEP-EEP!
EEP-EEP!
ATTENTION, DARBODIA, THIS IS DR WHO! YOUR FIGMENTS ARE NOW RETURNING TO YOU -- TRY TO TAKE BETTER CARE OF THEM IN FUTURE!
SOON...
OUR THANKS TO YOU ALL! DARBODIA IS A HAPPY PLACE AGAIN!
WE WERE GLAD TO HELP, POBLA! ALWAYS REMEMBER TO HANG ON TO YOUR DREAMS! GOODBYE!
BAH!
POLICE PUBLIC CALL B
LATER, IN THE TARDIS...
WELL, WE'RE OFF AGAIN! GOLLY, I WONDER WHERE WE'LL END UP NEXT?
LOOK, JOHN! I THINK GRANDFATHER'S CATCHING UP ON HIS OWN DREAMS! HA HA HA!
ZZZZZZ...


AND DR WHO'S DREAM LASTS A LONG TIME...
BUT WHEN HE WAKES UP, HE FINDS THAT HE IS ALL ALONE.
HE'S SORRY TO LEAVE HIS GRANDCHILDREN. HE VISITS THEM AS OFTEN AS HE CAN, BUT HE CAN NEVER STAY FOR LONG.
HE LIKES JOHN AND GILLIAN'S WORLD VERY MUCH. VILLAINS ARE NAUGHTY, NOT EVIL. PEOPLE NEVER DIE AND PROMISES ARE NEVER BROKEN.
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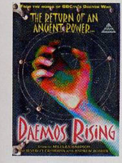
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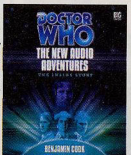
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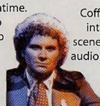

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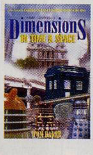
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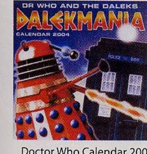
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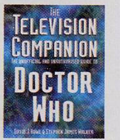
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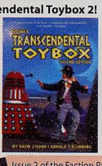
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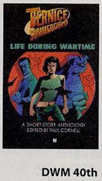
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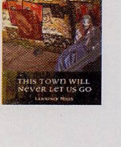
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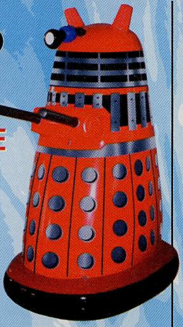

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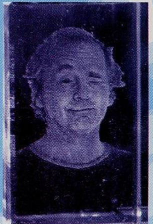

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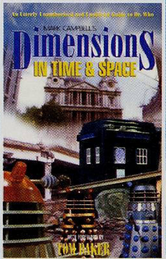

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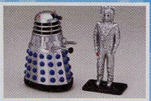

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REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP

The *Reign of Terror Collectors' Set* finally wraps up *Doctor Who* video with a release of loose ends – the four remaining episodes of the Hartnell historical joining *The Faceless Ones* Episodes 1 and 3, and Episode 1 of *The Web of Fear*.

Like you, I've been tracking *The Reign of Terror*'s progress in the video schedules for around ten years now – although I suspect it's only about half that time, as in the last four or five years it seemed to drop off the radar altogether. But at last here it is, with Carole Ann Ford's linking material finally pressed into the service it was originally filmed for, with some help from the Restoration Team, inserting stills, sound clips and cine-film material.

The Reign of Terror comes in somewhere between the programme's serious and more swashbuckling historicals. Its whole 'escape chain' plot is crying out for the Scarlet Pimpernel treatment, which I'm sure, if it had arrived later in the historical dog days of Innes Lloyd and Gerry Davis, the team wouldn't have hesitated in serving up. On the whole, the story's more *A Tale of Two Cities* than anything else – at least in tone – with Ian cutting a dashing Sydney Carton figure in his frilly shirt. But in truth, *The Reign of Terror* hasn't really got a source – not one it's straining for us to recognise, anyway. Like the first season's other historicals, it's striving to be original, and I'm sure it's a far far better thing for that. But it has got a problem: unlike *Marco Polo* and *The Aztecs*, or *The Crusade*, or *The Massacre*, all of which still feel like subjects for dramas you can't find anywhere else, the Sunday serial familiarity of the French Revolution's wigs and guillotines means most of Dennis Spooner's script feels predictable from the off. Of course, Spooner could have done something about that himself. As with Lucarotti's work, he could have chosen to play against some of our preconceptions. One of the most interesting scenes comes near the end of the first episode, where a Royalist nearly gets a soldier to hand over his gun. It gives us an intriguing glimpse into the fragility of the Revolution, which, seeing as it's five years old, seems surprising and briefly out of the ordinary. But there isn't much more in this vein.

What I like most about the script, though, probably isn't Spooner at all, but David Whitaker, writing for the TARDIS crew and fleshing out the affection that's grown between them. The opening scene is just plain wonderful, as the Doctor tries to hide his hurt at Ian and Barbara's wish to leave him. Even better is when the school-teachers discover the TARDIS hasn't brought them home – the close proximity of Russell and Hill as they play the scene somehow making it feel intensely romantic.

Of course, the thing everybody knows about *The Reign of Terror* is that it marks the programme's first use of location filming, and that it's not Hartnell we see in it but double Brian Proudfoot. Most stories have some production tit-bit like that, but in *The Reign of Terror*'s case, it seems to have been working overtime, called on and quoted over again as if there wasn't anything more to say about the story than that. But in a way, you can see how this might have happened. The story isn't poor, but without its location work, it isn't that notable either. Henric Hirsch's direction is solid, and the stress he suffered on the programme might indicate he cared, but you don't lament that he didn't do another. And that goes for designer Roderick Laing as well. It's fair to say Laing drew the short straw of the season's historicals. His dungeons and ramshackle safe-houses were never going to afford him the impact of Barry Newbery's designs for *Marco Polo* and *The Aztecs*. Even so, Laing fails to lend his work much of a sense of scale, and any scenes set outsideor suffer from a flat, theatricality. Overall, *The Reign of Terror* feels like it's been made with commitment, but without inspiration – it's perfectly good and perfectly dull all at the same time.

There isn't much that binds Spooner's script with the three Troughton episodes, except the Second Doctor's remark about the TARDIS' frequent visits to Earth. *The Faceless Ones* and *The Web of Fear*, on the other hand, are quite well matched. Both seem to be putting the frighteners on travel – putting aliens in the airports and the Underground. David Ellis and Malcolm Hulke's dialogue is every bit as sparky and contemporary as Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln's, and Gerry Mill's direction every bit as good and eerie as Douglas Camfield's. There isn't much point going over the plots here – these episodes are so orphaned from the main story that it hardly seems to matter. After *Web*'s revival of the Yeti and *The Faceless Ones*' Gatwick location,

THE REIGN OF TERROR HAS RATHER A 'SUNDAY SERIAL' PREDICTABILITY TO IT

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DOCTOR WHO: **FRAYED**

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On the burnt-out planet Iwa, Future Deviants (FDs) are being 'cured' by experimentation. However, the Refuge, as it's called, is being attacked by menacing alien foxes, so we never get to see the clinic at work, only as a 'base under siege'. What's clear from overheard conversations, is what a sinister place Earth has become; a society with Nazi-ish views on eugenics, obsessed with something called 'gene therapy'. The medical, kitchen and admin staff who make up the Refuge's makeshift soldiers are a rather typish bunch – 'the butch female one', 'the sensitive one', 'the slimy one' and so on. Exceptions to this are librarian Gus Webber and Co-ordinator Mosely, Samms using the latter to sensitively portray a man losing his grip.

Samms' First Doctor is the showpiece of *Frayed*. Travelling just with Susan, this is a pre-TV version that displays all the manipulative selfishness of his first few stories. Mistaken, *Power of the Daleks*-style, for part of a rescue mission sent by Earth, he keeps up the pretence to suit his own needs. Samms makes some nice observations about the Doctor – the way he appears more relaxed with machinery than with people, for example. She also uses her untelevised era to make a few changes – Susan has long dark hair, and is first referred to only as the Doctor's granddaughter or companion, the name 'Susan' being given to her by one of *Frayed*'s characters. Also notable is that this is the Doctor's first encounter with humans; he credits us with only a "crude reasoning intelligence" – although he quickly realises how easily we can be used for his own benefit. Humans, he concludes, are "gullible, easily tamed and tricked", leading him to think Earth "might be a good place to hide ..."

In some ways, *Frayed* is as misleading as its Doctor. It starts off promising a typical 'space base' tale, talks enticingly about genetics, then instead, gives us lots of stuff about fox attacks, power failures and engineering. I guess the 'dark skein' Samms sees running through her work would, in *Frayed*, be its brief visits into a disturbed dream-world. These nightmares, dreamt by 12-year-old Jill, full of blood and decomposing people, are vivid and chaotic. Effectively described, too, are the Foxes – muscular creatures with oversized heads and claws. Also genetically altered, they have telepathic skills, the ability to merge with humans, and dissolve into thin air. There's a whole other side of this story waitng to be told – most interestingly, if, as implied by the Doctor, the foxes' genetic modification was by their own hand ...

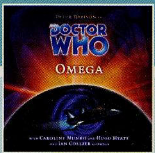
Frayed has some powerful moments, and benefits from being played out on a smallish scale. Its Doctor is brilliant and entertaining throughout, and the 'happy ending' for Jill brings some sort of closure. But for the Refuge staff, it all ends up rather bittersweet, hinting at another, future story to be told. Any takers?

VANESSA BISHOP

perhaps the most immediately impressive thing about these episodes is the quality of the acting. I've banged on about this aspect of 1960s *Doctor Who* before, but to me it seems pretty much unequalled (and I would sneak Season Seven into that as well). Professor Travers, the Alan Whicker-ish TV reporter Chorley, Colin Gordon's stressed airport Commandant and Bernard Kay's Plod-like Inspector are broad caricatures, but performed by such fine actors, and with so much conviction, that they're easily believed. Which brings me to Pauline Collins as Sam Briggs. You can't argue with Innes Lloyd's wish to keep Collins on as a companion. Her warmth and ability are obvious, even more so now she shares a tape with Deborah Watling's blank and shrill Victoria. I have to say Watling is the weak link in my argument. So grateful are we that anything exists from this period at all, that I think we're prone to ignore that not only is Watling a weak performer, and overall the programme's first sub-standard regular, but also that Victoria is very poorly realised by the writers and production team in general, demonstrated most obviously by the desire to get the nineteenth century teenager into mini-skirts. However, these episodes easily rank amongst my favourites from the Second Doctor's era. *The Web of Fear* more because it's a rare example of something being exactly what people always said it was – dark, frightening and all the rest of it – and *The Faceless Ones* because of the range of Patrick Troughton's performance – frustrated and clown-like at the passport desk, deadly serious and a shrewd investigator in Air Traffic Control. There isn't anything else from the Second Doctor's era that sees him assuming authority in quite such impressive style.

I think Gerry Mill does *Heartbeat* now – makes you weep, doesn't it?

DOCTOR WHO: OMEGA



AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR NEV FOUNTAIN
RRP £13.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

Beginning this supervillains trilogy sequence with 'Omega' might offend Greek scholars, but please mathematicians, who would realise that the stellar engineer-turned-public nuisance appears at intervals doubling in length between each manifestation. It should therefore be 2044 before he troubles whatever medium *Doctor Who* is then occupying, so I'm reasonably confident that this is the last time I'll be writing about him.

Maybe that's just as well, because here he receives the demystification common to demi-gods in *Doctor Who* that renders them perhaps more rounded as individuals, but far less formidable as forces of opposition. This is Omega's first story to be set entirely in space, yet it's certainly his most down-to-Earth. We're in uncomfortable SF comedy territory from the off, with a heritage theme tour of the galaxy taking blue-rinsed senior citizens around co-ordinates of historical interest. On hearing the term 'Prydonian Pantry', one's spirit slumps, not only at the inherent whimsy, which makes sustaining any believable drama all the harder, but at the cavalier way that the Time Lords' very existence, something which their very creed deigns should be a well-kept secret, is now the subject of tourist attractions. It's a bit like finding a Masonic Theme Ride at Alton Towers.

Having decided to have a bit of fun, writer Nev Fountain does at least keep trying to keep us amused, and sometimes succeeds. A couple of dispossessed thesps earn a crust by acting out the myths of Omega and his assistant for the tourists, and their play within a play is engagingly hammy. Alas, just as my old school production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* suffered due to the mechanicals' performance of Pyramus and Thisbe being no more or less dreadful than the enclosing play itself, so does *Omega* at times rise to the challenge of being as over the top as the theatre piece it contains.

Take Caroline Munro's Tour Guide-cum-conspirator, for example. Most of the time, she's as arresting behind a microphone as she was in front of a camera in the 1970s, but simply cannot handle dialogue so arch it sounds like it came from *Hearts in Orbit*, the presumably dreadful TV soap opera mentioned here. On hearing that a particularly unloved employee used to work in refuse disposal, she comments "I'm used to handling rubbish," with the stress, bizarrely, on "handling". She then goes on to use an insult that we can't repeat in **DWM**, making her sound like a Channel Five Alexis Colby.

IT IS THE SPIRIT OF 1983, NOT 1973, THAT IS CONJURED UP BY **OMEGA**

There's nothing intrinsically wrong with trying to pastiche trashy drama, of course, but as a background to the reincarnation of a legendary figure, it's possibly a bit too eclectic, even for *Doctor Who*. It's laudable, of course, to celebrate the incongruous superposition of the mundane and the incredible, but better, by far, to do it by keeping the mundane in the here and now, for the incredible to visit, rather than have it spread through time and space so that the whole cosmos is littered with domestic references.

The Doctor here is considerably more loquacious than one might expect of his Fifth self, sounding more like his successor at times, who is also more at home when travelling solo as here. All eventually becomes clear, though (Hint: Nev Fountain writes for *Dead Ringers*). The dramatic twist at the end of the third episode justifies entirely the choice of Doctor, and the absence of Nyssa, and is unquestionably the serial's zenith. It's amusing, in a way, to listen again to the first three episodes and marvel at the hoops Fountain has to jump through to conceal his secret. They also make more sense, because the first time round they are too incoherent to present a focused mystery, beyond "What's this about?"

Omega is jammed with ideas, as if the author feared he might not get the chance to write a *Doctor Who* play again, and therefore wastes some. Nothing has really been added to the myth, as happened in Omega's début, and it's the spirit of 1983 rather than 1973 that is summoned here. As any physicist will tell you, Omega is the electrical symbol for resistance, and as any alien invader will tell you, resistance is useless. DWM

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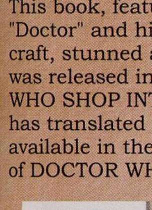

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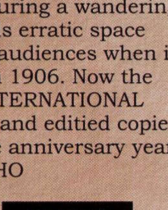

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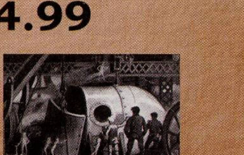

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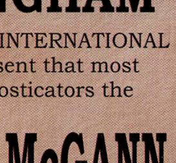

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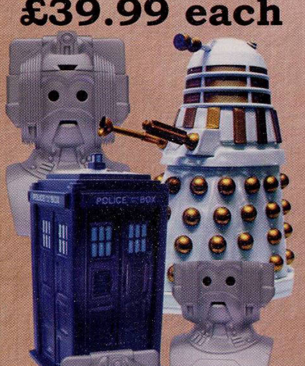

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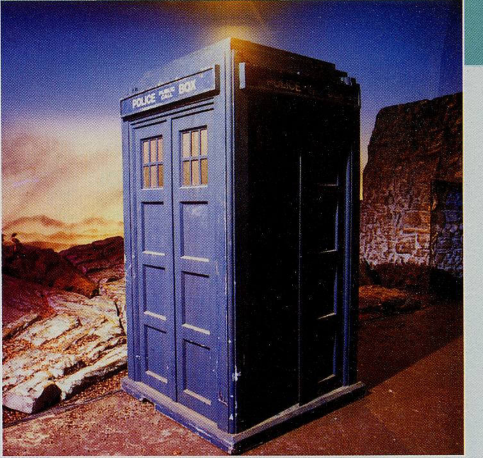
IT'S THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY, BUT...

BY **THE WATCHER**



Readers with short sight and long lenses may have detected a certain prevailing theme in this particular edition of **DWM**. Our esteemed editor, Thin Cackly Moan, has let it be known that I would be less than usually likely to incur his displeasure if this month's column might be so good as to join the rest of the issue in reflecting on our favourite show's fortieth anniversary. "Yes sir, thank you sir," I whimpered as I backed out of the editorial office in the accustomed fashion, bowing seven times and averting my gaze politely, not to mention involuntarily, as the editor rose from his afternoon bath of asses' milk to be towelled down by the ever-present team of hand-picked Nubians who dance attendance on his every whim within the marble and onyx walls of Panini Towers. Mercifully for all concerned the emerald-encrusted doors of burnished gold slammed shut at that point, leaving your beleaguered columnist outside in the snow, pondering the not inconsiderable challenge of finding something to write on the subject of *Doctor Who* turning forty.

The trouble is, what's to say? I mean, hip-hip-hooray and all that, but beyond the obvious platitudes, what could possibly be said in November 2003 that wasn't said at the thirtieth anniversary, or the twentieth, or even the tenth? What's so special about forty?

"THE TARDIS IS A TYPE 40 – DOES THAT NUMBER HAVE SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE?"

A couple of days later, as I contemplated this weighty problem, the *Doctor Who* road-map was suddenly and violently redrawn by an unexpected and entirely implausible bolt from the blue: the shockingly unanticipated news that *Doctor Who* was to receive the best fortieth birthday present it's possible to imagine – a future. It's said, of course, that life begins at forty, a wise old proverb that now seems borne out by the announcement that a new series is on the starting blocks. And this comes hard on the heels of the recent and surprising birth of a 'Ninth Doctor', albeit one who bears a remarkable resemblance to the Tenth, if we're counting *The Curse of Fatal Death* as canonical (which I think we might as well given the current state of play). In fact it's been quite a year for new Doctors, hasn't it? You wait patiently for something to happen for years on end, and then seven pretend Doctors and a brand new TV series turn up in as many months. How lucky we are. I wonder what we'd have thought ten years ago if *Doctor Who*'s thirtieth anniversary had been marked by a series of CD plays featuring fabulous actors like Derek Jacobi and David Warner as putative Doctors, plus an all-star remake of *Shada*, a cartoon Doctor on the internet, a BBC1 documentary for Christmas and a proper TV series in the pipeline? I think we'd have been considerably more flabbergasted than it's easy to imagine (although a lot of us, present company included, would probably have just sat there saying 'The inter-what?').

Forty is traditionally the year of the mid-life crisis, and maybe that's what's happening to the Doctor at the moment as he careers wildly around on webcasts and CDs in a bewildering assortment of different bodies: a good old-fashioned identity meltdown. But maybe there's more to it than that: in the face of this sudden explosion of hyperactivity, I found myself wondering whether the number forty itself might perhaps be possessed of a special numerological significance for *Doctor Who*. The TARDIS, after all, is a Type Forty (and the Daleks, according to various 1960s publications, have long commemorated fortieth anniversaries throughout space and time with their evocative deployment of 'ruby ray blasters'). But I daresay such observations might run the risk of being construed as a little tenuous, and I wouldn't want to be accused of that, so I allowed my meandering thoughts to gallop ahead in search of further forties. Perhaps the identity of the fortieth *Doctor Who* story might reveal the secret? An expeditious consultation of the *Programme Guide* reveals that that's *The Enemy of the World*, so no luck there. What about the fortieth episode? *Doctor Who* clocked up that particular mini-milestone before even reaching the end of its first season – ah, those were the days. It took Sylvester McCoy three years to notch up forty episodes, but William Hartnell did it in forty weeks flat. Never mind the quality (especially if you're watching *The Sensorites*), just feel the width. A few minutes of intensive research and counting on my fingers yielded the fascinating intelligence that the episode in question was *The Tyrant of France*, otherwise known as part four of *The Reign of Terror*, which ended with the future Mr Meaker from *Rentaghost* pointing a pistol at Ian Chesterton. Sadly that doesn't seem to teach us very much either.

It would be fair to observe that my quadragenarial quest was proving less than wholly illuminating. As a last resort I dug out a copy of the fortieth issue of **DWM**, in the hope that I might discover some eternal verity encoded in its yellowing pages. Dated 17 July 1980, it's one of the magazine's last few weekly issues, and contains the news that the recently-cancelled *Shada* is now in a state of 'suspended animation' (a condition in which it would remain until earlier this year – perhaps there's something in this numerology business after all). Otherwise, there were precious few eternal verities to be found. Not even any eternal Vere Lorrimers. I think my favourite feature was *Doctor Who's Time Tales*, a reprint of a shabby old 1950s comic strip with Tom Baker's face hastily cut-and-pasted onto the title page. It relates the quotidian tale of a hubristic mad scientist who attempts to travel back in time but succeeds only in going loony, and concludes with the frankly unhelpful epilogue: 'What Is Time?? What Is Reality?? Who Knows? Who Knows???' – a question I was by now beginning to ask myself with unaccustomed urgency.

Time and reality, you see, have always enjoyed a curiously oblique relationship: this fortieth anniversary, like all anniversaries, is very largely meaningless. It's an event that has no real significance beyond the accidental circumstance that we have ten digits and our planet happens to move around our sun at a certain velocity. So let's abandon portentous soundbites and gratuitous grandiloquence. The fact of the matter is that, in and of itself, there's nothing intrinsically special or unique about *Doctor Who*'s fortieth anniversary. What's special and unique is that there are so many of us gathered here to celebrate it. Now *that* is something very special indeed, and genuinely, tear-jerkingly unique. And the fact that we've just been promised a new series is one hell of a candle on the cake. Happy birthday, *Doctor Who*. DWM

THE FINAL TEST

WHAT CONNECTS:

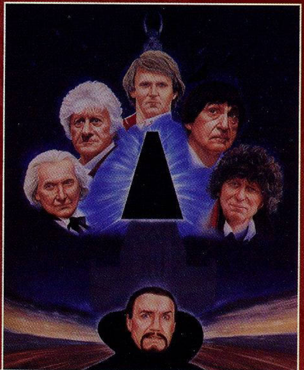
1 A doomed admiral, a doomed knight, a doomed Morestran, a doomed druid, a doomed war criminal, and a couple of crusaders (one doomed, one not)?
2 Preslin, Taron, Jaeger, Namin [pictured], Collins, Fabian, and Vogel?
3 Elwyn Jones, Paula Moore, Antony Root, Pat Gorman, and William Hartnell?
4 *Planet of Evil*, *The Creature from the Pit*, *Planet of Fire*, *Attack of the Cybermen*, and *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts Nine-Twelve?
5 Benton, the Brigadier, Jamie, Nyssa, K9, and Erimem?
6 *An Unearthly Child*, *The Invason* Episode 4, *Dragonfire* Part One, *Silver Nemesis* Part One?

ANSWERS FROM LAST ISSUE:

1 Each ends with the TARDIS apparently being destroyed
2 All referred to as the Guardians (*The Ark*; *Colony in Space*; *The Time Monster*; *Revenge of the Cybermen*; *The Ribos Operation* etc)
3 For copyright reasons, each underwent soundtrack editing to remove pieces of music from video/DVD/CD releases
4 The actors who played them (Nigel Stock, Paul Jerricho, Kate O'Mara, Michael Craig) were all regulars in the BBC's gloriously daft nautical soap *Triangle*
5 In each story we meet one of Tegan's relatives (aunt, cousin, grandfather)
6 All stabbed to death!

COMPANION PIECE

Artist **Andrew Skilleter** unveils a new work celebrating 40 years of **Doctor Who** ...



The times they ve been a changin' and so too has the *Radio Times*. Back when celebrities didn t dominate the covers, I had the privilege to be commissioned to paint the classic *Radio Times Five Doctors* cover celebrating the 20th anniversary of *Doctor Who* in 1983.

Fast forward to 2002 and Stephen Law, an avid collector of popular art and *Doctor Who* devotee, enters the scene.

Can he buy the *Five Doctors* original painting, he asks?

No, I politely say; I am never, ever going to sell it.

Okay, he says, will you paint me a copy?

I say I will, thinking I might be just a little mad.

So, I paint it ... and you could hardly tell the two apart (although the copy is clearly signed as such).

Fast forward again, to March 2003. Stephen comes up with the idea of a 40th anniversary companion piece for *The Five Doctors*, featuring the last three incarnations. Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy would appear older, as if they were starring in a new filmed special with Paul McGann. Given the complexity of the brief, I decided to first compose the picture digitally. This would give a good idea of how the final painting would look and I would use it as a detailed guide for the final piece.

Stephen receives the digital composition and replies, deciding he was totally wrong to suggest using modern photos of McCoy and Baker beside McGann. They just don't say *Doctor Who* at all ...

OK, back to the Mac. Other adjustments are made and version two emerges with the Doctors in their TV guise [*see right*]. It's agreed. The great advantage of composing digitally is that one can adjust the individual elements, their position, tone, colour and size. I resized the digital image to that of the *Five Doctors* original, 417 x 330 mm, reversed it and printed it out. Reversing the image meant I could trace the main elements, flip the tracing paper and rub down the drawing onto my still favoured CS10 board.

The three main portraits were then strengthened with a fine brown pencil and waterproof drawing pen and Hartnell with a blue lead. The adversaries were more boldly lined in using mainly black waterproof drawing pens.

Having masked the key elements, I airbrushed the background and then established the effects at the base of the picture. The Doctors' faces were initially airbrushed followed by carefully applied brushwork and the painting of the hair. The Hartnell face needed to be ethereal and integrated into the effects. The console itself was completed and then the Dalek, the Cyberman and Davros which all required a great deal of detailed airbrush and handwork.

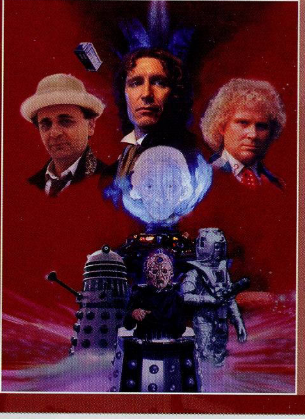
I worked further on the portraits until I was satisfied with them, then finally, using texture and glazes, I painted the top of the TARDIS interior structure and the little police box. The painting, worked on in clusters of days over a number of weeks, probably represented over two weeks' solid work and was delivered in May 2003.

It was always my aim to see it reach a wider public, so to achieve its first publication in this anniversary issue is very satisfying, doubly so as my professional connection with **DWM** goes back to the 1980s. My thanks go to Clay for making it all possible.

Here's to the 60th!

Andrew Skilleter

Below: Andrew hard at work on the painting in his studio. Images and text copyright © Andrew Skilleter 2003.



ABOUT THE ARTIST

Andrew Skilleter's association with *Doctor Who* began in 1979 with his first Target book cover and continued through to 1995 with publication of *Blacklight: The Art of Andrew Skilleter*. His *Doctor Who* work includes books covers and illustrations, posters, calendars, video covers and special projects. His original art is in collections in the UK and USA.

The Official Andrew Skilleter Website is now online. This extensive multi-gallery experience is devoted to his images covering over 20 years and includes a special 40th Anniversary treatment for the *Doctor Who* Gallery, details of original art and other items for sale, how to commission a private piece of art from Andrew, and a more in-depth version of this article with exclusive 'in progress' pictures. Point your browser at:

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